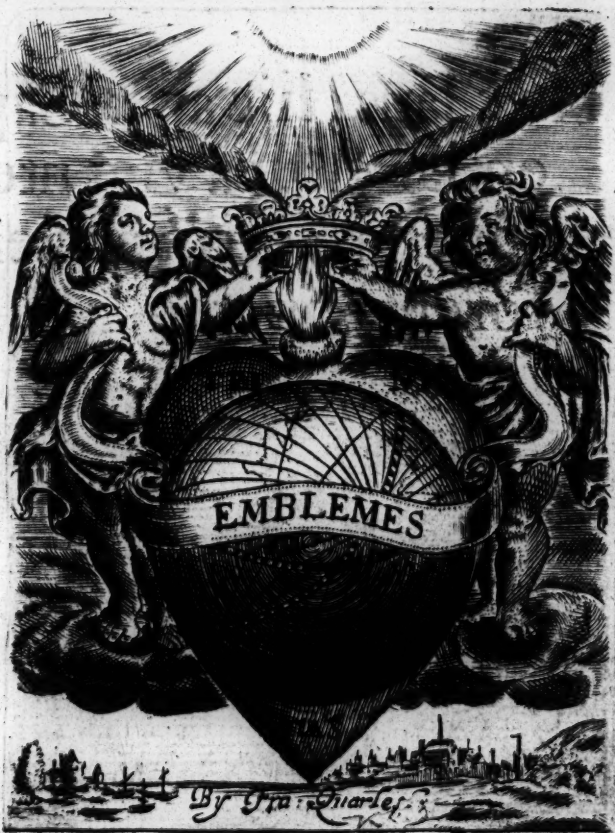
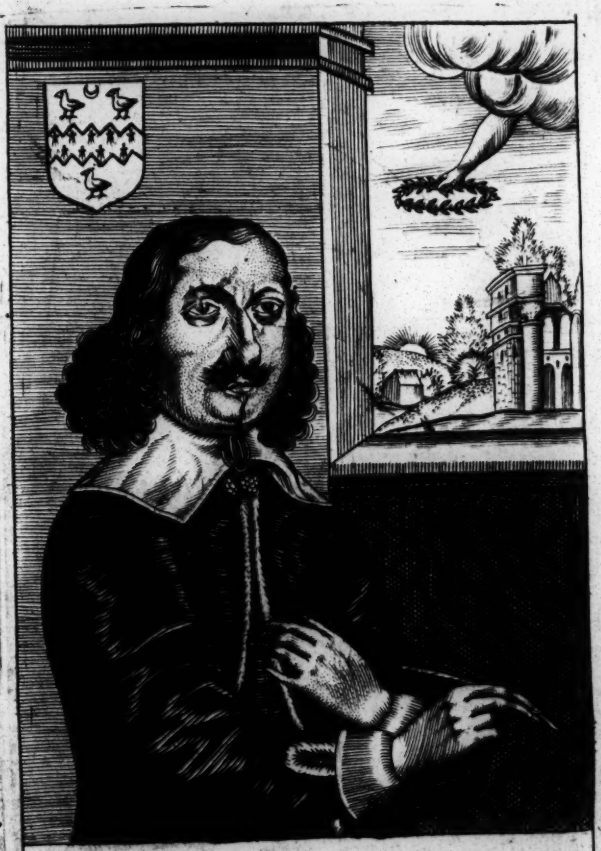
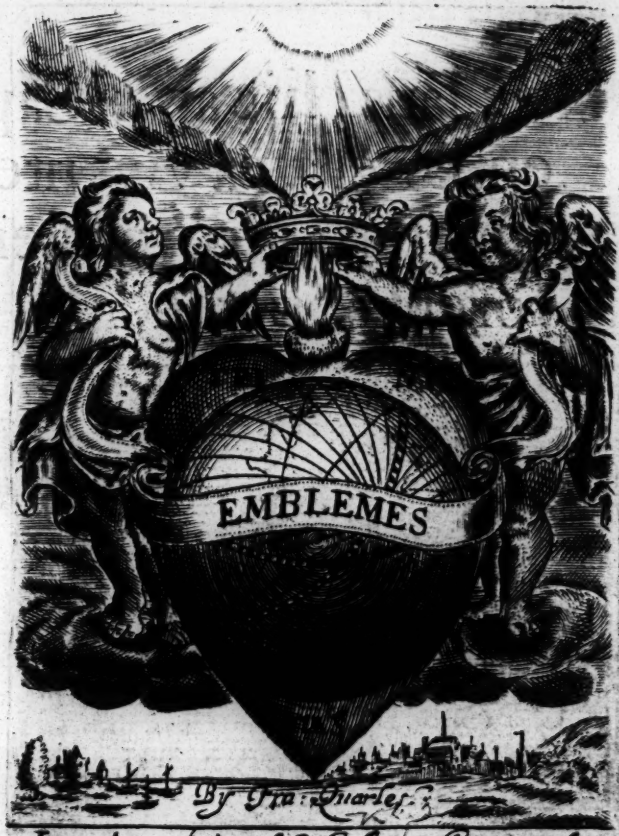


London Printed for John Williams, and Francis Eglesfeild, and are to be sold at the Crowne, & at ye Marygold S.t Paules Churchyard 1658



FRANCIS QUARLES



London Printed for John Williams, and Francis Eglesfeild, and are to be sold at the Crowne, & at y Marygold S.t Paules Churchyard
1658

Hæc laus, hic apex Sapientiæ est, ea viventem appetere, quæ morienti forent appetenda.

TO

My much honoured and no leſs truly beloved Friend,

EDW. BENLOWES

Eſquire.

My Dear Friend,

YOu *have put the* Theorboe *into my hand, and I have played: You gave the Muſician the firſt encouragement; the Muſick returneth to you for Patronage. Had it been a light Ayre, no doubt but it had taken the moſt, and among them the worſt; but being a grove Strain, my hopes are, that it will pleaſe the beſt; and mong them, You. Toyiſh Ayres pleaſe trivial ears; They kiſs the fancy, and betray it: They cry,* Hail, *firſt; and after,* Crucifie: *Let* Dorrs *delight to immerd themſelves in dung, whileſt* Eagles *ſcorn ſo*

poor a Game as Flies. Sir, you have Art and Candour, Let the one judge, let the other excuſe

Your moſt affectionate

Friend,

FRA. QUARLES.

To the Reader.

AN *Embleme* is but a ſilent Parable. Let not the tender Eye check, to ſee the alluſion to our bleſſed Saviour figured in theſe Types. In holy Scripture, he is ſometimes called a Sower; ſometimes, a Fiſher; ſometimes a Phyſician: And why not preſented ſo as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters God was known by *Hieroglyphicks*: And indeed, what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of His Glory? I have no more to ſay, I wiſh thee as much pleaſure in the reading, as *I* had in writing. Farewel Reader.

By Fathers back'd, by Holy Writ led on,
Thou shew'st a way to Heav'n by Helicon:
The Muses Font is consecrate by Thee,
And Poesie, baptiz'd Divinitie:
Blest soul that here embark'st; Thou sail'st (apace,
'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by wit, or Grace;
Each Muse so plyes her Oar: but O, the Sail
Is fill'd from Heav'n with a Divíner Gale:
When Poets prove Divines, why should not I
Approve in Verse this Divine poetry?
Let this suffice to licence thee the Press:
I must no more; nor could the Truth say less.

Sic approbavit

RICH. LOVE

Procan. *Cantabrigiensis.*

Tot *Flores* QUARLES, quot *Paradiſus* habet.

Lectori bene-*male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hoc *Flores*, *Qui* carpit, *uterque*
Jure poteſt *Violas* dicere, jure *Roſas*.
Non è *Parnaſſo VIOLAM*, *Pæſtive ROSETO*
Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ ſit amœna, *ROSAM*.
Quot *Verſus VIOLAS legis*; & *Quem verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit: Nam dedit *Ille ROSAS*.
Utque *Ego* non dicam hæc *VIOLAS* ſuaviſſima; *Tute*
Ipſe facis *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, ſi *violas*.
Nam velut è *VIOLIS* ſibi ſugit *Aranea* virus:
Vertis iat in ſuccos *Hasq; ROSASq;* tuos.
Quas *violas Muſas*, *VIOLAS* puto, quaſque recuſas
Dente tuo *roſas*, has, reor, eſſe *ROSAS*,
Sic *roſas*, facis eſſe *ROSAS*, dum, *Zoile*, rodis:
Sic facis has *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, dum *violas*.

Brent-Hall. 1634.

EDW. BENLOWES.

Dum Cælum aspicio, Solum despicio.
Will: marshall sculp:

THE FIRST BOOK.

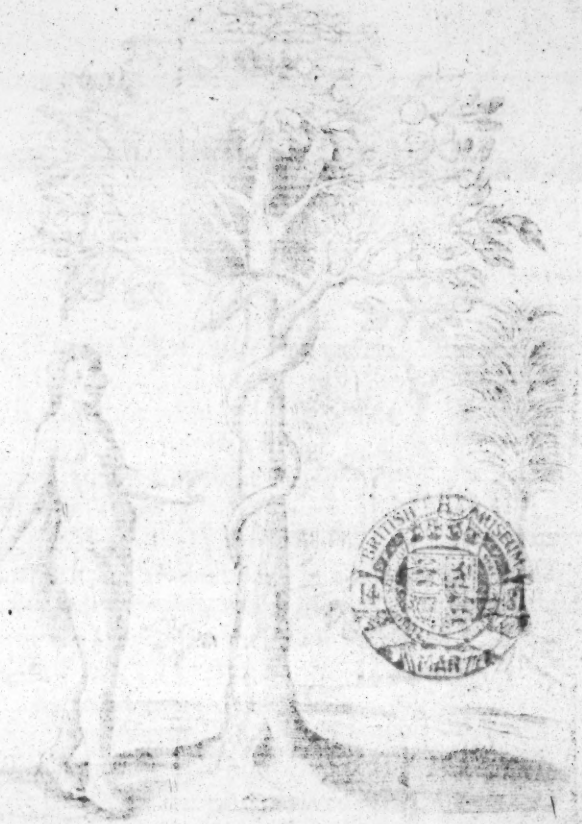
The Invocation.

ROwze thee, my ſoul; and drein thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts: Skrue up the heightned pegs
Of thy ſublime Theorboe four notes higher,
And higher yet; that ſo, the ſhrill-mouth'd Quire
Of ſwift-wing'd Seraphims may come and joyn,
And make thy conſort more than half divine.
Invoke no Muſe; Let Heav'n be thy *Apollo*;
And let his ſacred influences hallow
Thy high-bred ſtrains; Let his full beams inſpire
Thy raviſh'd brains with more heroick fire:
Snatch thee a Quil from the ſpred Eagles wing,
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and ſing:
Caſt off theſe dangling plummets, that ſo clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon-earth; let fleſh and blood forbear
To ſtop thy flight, till this baſe world appear
A thin blew Landskip: Let thy pinions ſoare
So high a pitch, that men may ſeem no more
Than Piſmires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,
Thy ear untroubled with their frantick mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy fleſh diſturb
Thy new-concluded peace; Let Reaſon curb
Thy hot mouth'd Paſſion; and let heav'ns fire ſeaſon
The freſh Conceits of thy corrected Reaſon.
Diſdain to warm thee at Luſts ſmokie fires,
Scorn, ſcorn to feed on thy old bloat deſires:
Come, come, my ſoul, hoyſe up thy higher ſails,
The wind blowes fair; Shall we ſtill creep like Snails,

That

That gild their wayes with their own native ſlimes?
No, we muſt flie like Eagles, and our Rhimes
Muſt mount to heav'n and reach th' Olympick ear;
Our heav'n-blown fire muſt ſeek no other Sphear.
Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'ſt and ground'ſt
Thy gifts in duſt; and from our dunghil crown'ſt
Reflected Honour, taking by retail,
What thou haſt giv'n in groſs, from lapſed, frail,
And ſinful man; that drink'ſt full draughts, wherein
Thy childrens leprous fingers, ſcurf'd with Sin,
Have paddled, cleanſe, O cleanſe my crafty ſoul
From ſecret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts: O, teach me ſtoutly to deny
My ſelf, that I may be no longer I:
Enrich my fancie, clarifie my thoughts,
Refine my droſs; O, wink at humane faults;
And through this ſlender conduit of my Quill
Convey thy Current, whoſe clear ſtreams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praiſe:
Crown me with Glory; Take, who liſt, the Bayes,

I.



Totus mundus in maligno (mali ligno) positus est.

Wm Marshall sculp:

I.

Jam. 1. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed.

Serpent. *Eve.*

Serp. NOt eat? Not taſt? Not touch? Not caſt an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair Tree? And why?
Why eat'ſt thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or canſt thou think that bad which heav'n call'd Good?
Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Bleſſings unus'd, pervert into a VVaſt,
As well as Surfets; Woman, Do but taſt:
See how the laden boughs make ſilent ſuit
To be enjoy'd; Look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way; Obſerve but how they crouch
To kiſs thy hand; Coy woman, Do but touch:
Mark what a pure Vermilion bluſh has dy'd
Their ſwelling cheeks, and how for ſhame they hide
Their palſie heads, to ſee themſelves ſtand by
Neglected: Woman, Do but caſt an eye.
What bounteous heav'n ordain'd for uſe, refuſe not;
Come, pull and eat: Y' abuſe the thing ye uſe not.

Eve. Wiſeſt of Beaſts, our great Creatour did
Reſerve this Tree, and this alone forbid;
The reſt are freely ours, which doubtleſs are
As pleaſing to the taſt; to th' eye as fair;
But touching this, his ſtrict commands are ſuch,
'Tis death to taſt, no leſs than death to touch.

Serp.

Serp. Piſh; death's a fable: Did not heav'n inſpire
Your equall Elements with living Fire,
Blown from the ſpring of life? Is not that breath
Immortal? Come; ye are as free from death
As he that made ye. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creators voice proclaim
What ere he made (from the blew ſpangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?
Bleſt he not both the Feeder, and the Food?
Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
From ſuch bleſt Food, to ſuch half-gods as you?
Curb needleſs fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuſe your freedome; woman, take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
Unborn, and till rebellion make it debt,
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
Preſumptuous diſobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this fruit's a portal
To let in death, and make immortal mortal.

Serp. You cannot die; come, woman, taſt and fear not.

Eve. Shall *Eve* tranſgreſs? I dare not, O I dare not.

Serp. Afraid? why draw it thou back thy timorous arm?
Harm onely falls on ſuch as fear a harm.
Heav'n knowes and fears the virtue of this Tree:
'Twill make ye perfect Gods as well as He.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondneſs never
Fear death; Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good
To do as to deſire. Fruit's made for food.
Ile pull, and taſt, and tempt my *Adam* too
To know the ſecrets of this dainty. *Serp.* Doe.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. *sup. Matth.*

He forced him not: He touched him not: Onely said, Cast thy self down; *that we may know, that whosoever obeyeth the Devil casteth himself down: For the Devil may suggest, compel he cannot.*

S. BERN. *in ser.*

It is the Devils part to suggest; Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him; as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God; who proposeth us, that we may contend, and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. I.

Unluckie Parliament! wherein, at last,
Both Houses are agreed, and firmly past
An act of death, confirm'd by higher Powers:
O had it had but such success as Ours!

Sic malum creuit vnicum in omne malum.

Will: Marshall sculpsit

II.

James I. 15.

Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sinne; and sinne when it is finished bringeth forth death.

1

LAment, lament; Look, look what thou hast done!
Lament the worlds, lament thy own estate;
Look, look by doing how thou art undone;
Lament thy fall; lament thy change of State;
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedome gone,
See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too late,
O thou that wert so many men, nay all
Abridg'd in one, how has thy desp'rate fall
Destroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thy self withal.

2

Uxorious *Adam*, whom thy maker made
Equal to Angels that excell in pow'r,
What hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd
Thy own destruction? Like a new-cropt flowre
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!
How art thou cow'd, that hadst the pow'r to quell
The spite of new-fall'n Angells, baffle Hell,
And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell.

3

See how the world (whose chast and pregnant womb
Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)
Is now degenerated, and become
A base Adulteress, whose false births do fill
The earth with Monsters, Monsters that do rome
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:
Now Glutt'ny paunches; Lust begins to spawn;
Wrath takes revenge; and Avarice a pawn;
Pale Envy pines, Pride swells, and Sloth begins to yawn.

4

The Aire that whisper'd, now begins to rore,
And blustring Boreas blows the boyling Tide;
The white-mouth'd Water now usurps the shore,
And scorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;
The Fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And rules her ruler with resistless pride:
Fire, Water, Earth, and Aire, that first were made
To be subdu'd, see how they now invade; (obey'd.
They rule whom once they serv'd, command, where once

5

Behold; that nakedness, that late bewray'd
Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder:
Behold; those Trees whose various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a shade to shrowd thee under:
Behold; that voice (which thou hast disobey'd)
That late was musick, now affrights like thunder:
Poor man! Are not thy joynts grown sore with shaking,
To view th'effect of thy bold undertaking,
That in one hour didd'st marre what heav'n six dayes was
(making?

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de lib. arbit.

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that freedome which man could not use, yet had power to keep if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; and that he who would not do righteously when he had the power, should lose the power to do it, when he had the will.

HUGO de anima.

They are justly punished that abuse lawful things, but they are most justly punished, that use unlawful things: Thus Lucifer fell from Heaven: thus Adam lost his Paradise.

EPIG. 2.

See how these fruitful kernels, being cast
Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
A full-ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd,

III.

Vt potiar, patior. Patiens, non potiens.

III.

Proverbs 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavineſſe.

1

ALas fond Child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd,
To hope for hony from a neſt of waſps?
Thou maieſt as well
Go ſeek for eaſe in hell,
Or ſprightly Nectar from the mouths of aſps.

2

The world 's a hive,
From whence thou canſt derive
No good, but what thy ſouls vexation brings:
Put caſe thou meet
Some peti-peti-ſweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thouſand ſtings.

3

Why doeſt thou make
Theſe murm'ring troups forſake
The ſafe protection of their waxen homes?
This hive contains
No ſweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas, but empty combes.

4

For trash and toyes,
And grief-ingend'ring joyes,
What torment seems too sharp for flesh and bloud!
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of reall ills,
Man swallows down to purchase one false good!

5

The dainties here,
Are least what they appear;
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sowre:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not alwayes mellow:
The faireſt Tulip's not the sweeteſt flowre.

6

Fond youth, give ore,
And vex thy soul no more
In seeking what were better farre unfound;
Alas! thy gains
Are onely present pains
To gather Scorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth? or in it,
That longer then a minut,
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droyl,
Or delve in such a soyl,
Where gain's uncertain and the pain is sure?

S. AUGUST.

Sweetneſs in temporal matters is deceitful: It is a labou and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleaſure, whoſe beginnin is without providence, and whoſe end is not without repentance.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleaſure, a baſtard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a ſting in her tail.

EPIG. 3.

What, *Cupid*, are thy ſhafts already made?
And ſeeking honey, to ſet up thy trade?
True Embleme of thy ſweets! Thy Bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails, a ſting.

IV.

Quis leuior? cui Ipsius Ponderis addit amor.

IV.

Psalm. 62. 9.

To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether lighter then vanity.

1

Put in another weight: 'Tis yet too light:
And yet: Fond *Cupid*, put another in;
And yet another: Still there's under weight:
Put in another hundred: Put again;
Adde world to world; then heap a thousand more
To that; then, to renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on truſt, to draw thy balance lower.

2

Put in the fleſh, with all her loads of pleaſure;
Put in great *Mammons* endleſs inventory;
Put in the ponderous acts of Mighty *Ceſar*;
Put in the greater weight of *Swedens* glory;
Add *Scipio's* gauntlet; put in *Plato's* grown;
Put *Circes* charms, put in the triple crown.
Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not down.

3

Lord what a world is this, which day and night,
Men ſeek with ſo much toyl, with ſo much trouble?
Which weigh'd in equal ſcales is found ſo light,
So poorly over-balanc'd with a bubble?
Good God! that frantick mortals ſhould deſtroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon ſuch airy trash, upon ſo light a toy!

Thou

4

Thou bold Impostor, how hast thou befool'd
The tribe of Man with counterfeit desire!
How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd
Heav'ns free-born flames, and kindled bastard fire!
How hast thou vented dross in stead of treasure,
And cheated man with thy false weights and measure,
Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with pleasure!

5

The worl'ds a crafty Strumpet, most affecting
And closely following those that most reject her;
But seeming careless, nicely disrespecting
And coyly flying those that most affect her:
If thou be free, she's strange, if strange she's free;
Flee, and she follows; follow, and she'l flee:
Then she ther's none more coy, ther's none more fond then (she.

6

O what a Crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treacheries, and ensnaring wiles!
She clothes destruction in a formal kiss,
And lodges death in her deceitful smiles;
She hugs the soul she hates; and there does prove
The veriest tyrant where she vows to love,
And is a Serpent most, when most she seems a Dove.

7

Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise
To make an object of so easie gains;
Thrice happy he who scorns so poor a prize
Sould be the crown of his heroick pains:
Thrice happy he, that ne'r was born to trie
Her frowns or smiles; or being born, did lie
In his sad nurses arms an hour or two, and die.

S. AUGUS

S. AUGUST. lib. Confeſſ.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward then the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from leſſer to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, and momentany glory periſh with her ſelf, and let us be converſant with more eternal things. Alas, this world is miſerable; life is ſhort, and death is ſure.

EPIG. 4.

My ſoul, what's lighter then a feather? wind.
Then wind? The fire. And what then fire? The mind.
What's lighter then the mind? A thought. Then thought?
This bubble-world. What then this bubble? Nought.

V.

His vestitur orbis.

V.

1 Cor. 7. 31.

The fashion of this world passeth away.

GOne are those golden dayes, wherein
Pale conscience started not at ugly sinne:
When good old *Saturnes* peacefull Throne
Was unusurped by his beardlesse Son:
When jealous *Ops* ne'r feat'd th' abuse
Of her Chast bed, or breach of nuptial Truce:
When just *Astræa* poys'd her Scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails:
When froth-born *Venus* and her brat,
With all that spurious brood young *Jove* begat,
In horrid shapes were yet unknown;
Those Halcyon dayes, that golden age is gone.
There was no Client then to wait
The leisure of his long-tayl'd Advocate;
The Talion Law was in request,
And Chanc'ry courts were kept in ev'ry breast;
Abused Statutes had no Tenters,
And men could deal secure without indentures:
There was no peeping-hole to clear
The Wittals eye from his incarnate fear;
There were no lustful Cinders then
To broyl the Carbonado'd hearts of men:
The rosie cheek did then proclaim
A shame of Guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
There was no whining soul to start
At *Cupids* twang, or curse his flaming dart;

The

The Boy had then but callow wings,
And fell *Erynnis* Scorpions had no stings:
The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of Truth and Love.
Love essenc'd in the hearts of men;
Then Reason rul'd; there was no Passion then;
Till Lust and Rage began to enter,
Love the Circumference was, and love the Center.
Until the wanton dayes of *Jove*
The simple world was all compos'd of Love?
But *Jove* grew fleshly, false, unjust;
Inferiour beauty fill'd his veins with lust;
And Cucquean *Juno's* fury hurld
Fierce balls of rage into th' incestuous world:
Astræa fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boyl'd with lust, with rage it burn'd:
And ever since the world hath been
Kept going with the scourge of Lust and Spleen.

S. AMBROS.

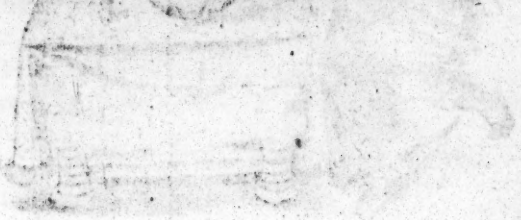
Luſt is a ſharp ſpur to vice, which alwayes putteth the affections into a falſe gallop.

HUGO.

Luſt is an immoderate wantonneſs of the fleſh, a ſweet poyſon, a cruel peſtilence; a pernicious poiſon, which weakneth the body of man, and effeminateth the ſtrength of an heroick mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of anothers felicity: in reſpect of Superiours, becauſe they are not equall to them; in reſpect of Inferiours, leſt he ſhould be equall to them; in reſpect of equalls, becauſe they are equall to them: Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and the death of Chriſt.



EPIG. 5.

What? *Cupid*, muſt the world be laſht ſo ſoon?
But made at morning, and be whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wagge that playes with *Venus* Doves,
The more 't is laſht, the more perverſe it proves.

VI.

In ceuce tuta quies

VI.

Eccles. 2. 17.

All is vanitie and vexation of spirit.

1

HOw is the anxious soul of man befool'd
In his desire,
That thinks an Hectick fever may be cool'd
In flames of fire,
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnisht gold
From nasty mire!
A whining Lover may as well request
A scornful breast
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.

2

Let wit and all her studied plots effect
The best they can;
Let smiling Fortune prosper and perfect
What wit began;
Let earth advise with both, and so project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning Fortune vie their best;
He may be blest
With all that earth can give: but earth can give no rest.

3

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double;
The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land
Bring but a trouble;
The world it self, and all the worlds command,
Is but a bubble.
The strong desires of mans insatiate breast
May stand possest
Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

4

The world's a seeming Par'dise, but her own
And mans tormenter;
Appearing fixt, yet but a rolling stone
Without a tenter;
It is a vast Circumference, where none
Can find a Center.
Of more then earth can earth make none possest;
And he that least
Regards this restless world, shall in this world find rest.

5.

True rest consists not in the oft revying
Of worldly drosse;
Earths mirie purchase is not worth the buying;
Her gain is losse;
Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her crosse.
How worldlings droil for trouble! That fond breast
That is possest
Of earth without a cross, has earth without a rest.

CASS.

CASS. in Pſ.

The Croſs is the invincible ſanctuary of the humble: The dejection of the proud, the victory of Chriſt, the deſtruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the juſt.

DAMASCEN.

The Croſs of Chriſt is the key of Paradiſe: the weak mans ſtaff: the Converts convoy: the upright mans perfection: the ſoul and bodies health: the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whoſe whimpering folly holds the loſſes
Of honour, pleaſure, health and wealth ſuch croſſes,
Look here, and tell me what your Arms engroſſe,
When the beſt end of what ye hug's a croſſe.

VII.

Latet hostis, et otia ducis?

VII.

1 Peter 5. 8.

Be ſober, be vigilant, becauſe your adverſary the devil as a roaring Lion walketh about ſeeking whom he may devoure.

1

WHy doſt thou ſuffer luſtful ſloth to creep,
Dull Cyprian lad, into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vowes
At *Morpheus* ſhrine? Is this a time to ſteep
Thy brains in waſteful ſlumbers? up and rouze
Thy leaden ſpirit: Is this a time to ſleep?
Adjourn thy ſanguine dreams: Awake, ariſe,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all adviſe,
Hadſt thou as many heads as thou haſt wounded eyes.

2

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring ſlumbers! If thy drowzie head
But chance to nod, thou fall'ſt into a bed
Of ſulph'rous flames, whoſe torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wiſe; let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wiſdome; fools are wiſe too late:
Beware betimes, and let thy reaſon ſever
Thoſe gates which paſſion clos'd; wake now, or never:
For if thou nodd'ſt thou fall'ſt: and falling fall'ſt for ever.

3

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:
His bow is bent, and he has notch'd his dart;
He aims, he levels at thy ſlumb'ring heart:
The wound is poſting, O be wiſe, be ware.
What? has the voyce of danger loſt the art
To raiſe the ſpirit of neglected care?
Well, ſleep thy fill, and take thy ſoft repoſes;
But know withal, ſweet taſts have ſowre cloſes;
And he repents in thorns, that ſleeps in beds of roſes.

4

Yet ſluggard, wake, and gull thy ſoul no more
With earths falſe pleaſure, and the worlds delight,
Whoſe fruit is fair and pleaſing to the ſight,
But ſowre in taſt, falſe at the putrid core:
Thy flaring glaſs is gems at her half light,
She makes thee ſeeming rich, but truly poor:
She boaſts a kernel, and beſtows a ſhell;
Performs an inch of her fair promis'd ell:
Her words proteſt a Heav'n; her works produce an hell.

5

O thou the fountain of whoſe better part
Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain deſire;
That dayly wallow'ſt in the fleſhly mire
And baſe pollution of a luſtful heart,
That feel'ſt no paſſion but in wanton fire,
And own'ſt no torment but from *Cupids* dart;
Behold thy Type: Thou ſitſt upon this ball
Of earth, ſecure, while death that flings at all,
Stands arm'd to ſtrike thee down, where flames attend thy fall.

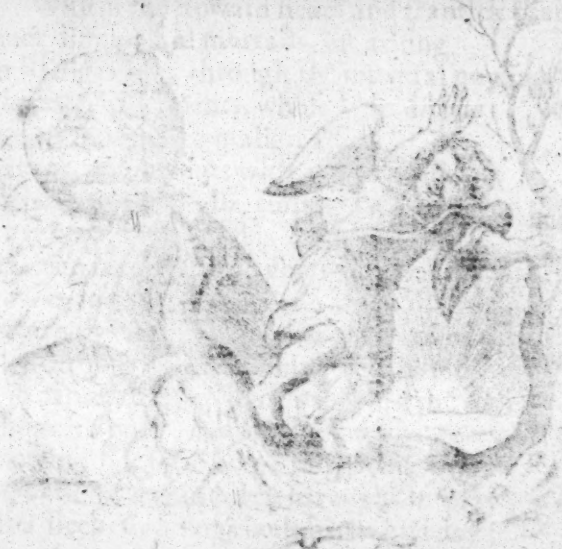
S. BERN.

S. BERN.

Securitie is no where; It is neither in Heaven, nor in Paradiſe, much leſs in the world: In Heaven the Angels fell from the divine preſence; in Paradiſe, Adam fell from his place of pleaſure; in the world, Judas fell from the School of our Saviour.

HUGO.

I eat ſecure, I drink ſecure, I ſleep ſecure, even as though I had paſt the day of death, avoided the day of judgement, and eſcaped the torments of hell-fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdome of Heaven.



EPIG. 7.

Get up, my ſoul; Redeem thy ſlaviſh eyes
From drowzy bondage: O beware; be wiſe:
Thy fo's before thee; thou muſt fight or flie:
Life lies moſt open in a cloſed eye.

VIII.

Et risu necat.

VIII.

Luke 6. 25.

woe be to you that laugh now, for ye ſhall mourn and weep.

THe world's a popular diſeaſe, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantick brains
Of poor diſtemper'd mortalls, oft ariſing
From ill digeſtion, through th' unequal poyſing
Of ill-weigh'd Elements, whoſe light directs
Malignant humors to malign effects:
One raves, and labours with a boyling liver;
Rends hair by handfulls, curſing *Cupids* quiver:
Another with a bloudy-flux of oaths
Vowes deep revenge: one dotes; the other loathes:
One friſks and ſings, and vies a flagon more
To drench dry cares, and makes the welkin rore:
Another droops; the ſun-ſhine makes him ſad;
Heav'n cannot pleaſe: One's mop'd; the tother's mad:
One hugs his gold; another lets it flie:
He knowing not for whom; nor tother why.
One ſpends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another ſleeps and ſlugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; tother cries for that:
But neither one nor tother knows for what.
Wonder of wonders! what we ought t' evite
As our diſeaſe, we hug as our delight:
'T is held a ſymptome of approching danger,
When diſacquainted Senſe becomes a ſtranger,

And

And takes no knowledge of an old diſeaſe;
But when a noyſome grief begins to pleaſe
The unreſiſting ſenſe, it is a fear
That death has parli'd, and compounded there:
As when the dreadful Thund'rers awful hand
Poures forth a vial on th'infected land,
At firſt th'affrighted Mortals quake and fear;
And every noiſe is thought the Thunderer:
But when the frequent ſoul-departing bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine dayes wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his Thunder:
So when the world (a worſe diſeaſe) began
To ſmart for ſin, poor new created Man
Could ſeek for ſhelter, and his gen'rous Son
Knew by his wages what his hands had done;
But bold-fac'd Mortals in our bluſhleſs times
Can ſin and ſmile, and make a ſport of crimes,
Tranſgreſs of cuſtome, and rebell in eaſe;
We falſe-joy'd fools can triumph in diſeaſe,
And (as the careleſs Pilgrime, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waſt our breath
In laviſh pleaſure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO de anima.

What profit is there in vain glory, momentany mirth, the worlds power, the fleſhes pleaſure, full riches, noble deſcent, and great deſires? Where is their laughter? Where is their mirth? Where their inſolence? their arrogance? From how much joy to how much ſadneſs! After how much mirth, how much miſery! From how great glory are they fallen to how great torments! What hath fallen to them, may befall thee, becauſe thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou liveſt of earth; thou ſhalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every-where; be wiſe therefore, and expect death every-where.

EPIG. 8.

What ayls the fool to laugh? Does ſomething pleaſe
His vain conceit? Or is 't a mere diſeaſe?
Fool, giggle on, and waſt thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

IX.

Frustra quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum!

IX.

1. John 2. 17.

The world passeth away, and all the lusts thereof.

1

DRaw near, brave sparks, whose spirits scorn to light
Your hallow'd tapours, but at honours flame;
You, whose heroick actions take delight
To varnish over a new-painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,
But on th' Icarian wings of babling fame;
Behold, how tott'ring are your high-built stories
Of earth, wheron you trust the ground-work of your glories.

2

And you, more brain-sick Lovers, that can prise
A wanton smile before eternal joyes;
That know no heav'n but in your Mistres eyes;
That feel no pleasure but what sense enjoyes:
That can, like crown-distemper'd fools despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toyes:
Think ye the Pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth it self's unstable?

3

Come dunghil worldlings, you that root like swine,
And cast up golden trenches where ye come:
Whose onely pleasure is to undermine
And view the secrets of your mothers womb:
Come bring your Saint, pouch'd in his leather shrine,
And summon all your griping Angels home;
Behold your world, the bank of all your store:
The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

4

A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire
Before the race; before the start, retrait;
A faithless world, whose false delights expire
Before the terme of half their promis'd date;
A fickle world, not worth the least desire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of State:
A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry act a sin.

5

The beauty, that of late was in her flowre,
Is now a ruine, not to raise a lust;
He that was lately drench'd in *Danaes* shower,
Is master now of neither gold nor trust;
Whose honour late was mann'd with princely power,
His glory now lies buried in the dust;
O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry minute!

6

Nor length of daies, nor solid strength of brain,
Can find a place wherein to rest secure;
The world is various, and the earth is vain:
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing sure:
We trudge, we travel but from pain to pain,
And what's our onely grief's our onely cure:
The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
To find the way to rest, must seek the way to leave her.

S. GREG. in ho.

Behold, the world is withered in it ſelf, yet flouriſheth in our hearts; every where death, every where grief, every where deſolation: On every ſide we are ſmitten; on every ſide filled with bitterneſs, and yet with the blind mind of carnal deſire we love her bitterneſs: It flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we ſtick to it: And becauſe we cannot enjoy it fallen, we fall with it, and enjoy it, fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune hale, or envious Time but ſpurn,
The world turns round; and with the world we turn:
When Fortune ſees, and *Lynx*-ey'd Time is blind,
I'le truſt thy joyes, O world; till then, the wind.

X.

Virtusq; crepundia Merces.

X.

John. 8. 44.

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.

HEre's your right ground: wagge gently o're this black;
'Tis a short cast; y'are quickly at the jack.
Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one
On this bowls side; blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown:
The next bowl's worse that comes, come bowl away;
Mammon, you know the ground untutour'd, play:
Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spar'd,
Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard.
Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,
Which without pastime flies too swift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too short to serve their loose delight?
See how their curved bodies wreath, and skrue
Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew:
One raps an oath, another deals a curse;
He never better bowl'd; this never worse:
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,
The tother bends his beetle brows, and chafes:
Sometime they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries
Send their black *Santo's* to the blushing skies;
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
They make bad Premises, and worse conclusion:
But wher's the Palm that Fortunes hand allowes
To bless the victors honourable browes?

Come, Reader, come; I'le light thine eye the way
To view the Prize, the while the gamesters play:
Close by the jack, behold, gill fortune stands
To wave the game; see, in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open show,
To cheat the Lads, and crown the Conq'rours brow.
The world's the jack; the gamesters that contend,
Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*: that judicious Friend,
That gives the ground, is *Satan*: and the bowles
Are sinful thoughts: the Prize, a crown for fools.
Who breathes that bowles not? what bold tongue can say
Without a blush, he hath not bowl'd to day?
It is the trade of man; and every sinner
Has plaid his rubbers: Every soul's a winner.
The vulgar Proverb's croft, He hardly can
Be a good bowler and an honest man.
Good God, turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew;
New sole my bowles, and make their bias true:
I'll cease to game, till fairer ground be given,
Nor wish to winne untill the mark be heaven.

S. BERNARD

S. BERNARD lib. de Consid.

O you Sonnes of Adam, *you covetous generation, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold and silver are real earth, red and white, which the onely errour of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: In short, if they be yours carry them with you.*

S. HIEROM. in Ep.

O Lust, thou infernal fire, whose fuell is gluttony; whose flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke is infamie; whose ashes are uncleanness; whose end is hell.

EPIG. 10.

Mammon well followed: *Cupid* bravely led;
Both Touchers; equal Fortune makes a dead:
No reed can measure where the conquest lies;
Take my advise; compound, and share the Prize;

XI.

Mundus in exitium ruit.

XI.

Ephesians 2. 2.

Ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the Prince of the aire.

1

O Whither will this mad-brain world at last
Be driv'n? where will her restless wheels arrive?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast?
O whither means her furious groom to drive?
What? will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? never once retrive?
Will earths perpetual progress ne're expire?
Her Team continuing in their fresh careir,
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

2

Sols hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve houres task perform'd, grow stiff and lame,
And their immortal spirits faint and tire:
At th'azure mountains foot their labours claim
The priviledge of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and to steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And fresh their tired souls with strength-restoring sleep.

3

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race nor flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of rest, but travel with delight;
Who neither weighing way, nor weather, trot
Through dust and dirt, and droyl both night and day;
Thus droyl these fiends incarnate, whose free pains
Are fed with dropsies and venereal blains.
No need to use the whip; but strength, to rule the reins.

4

Poor captive world! How has thy lightness given
A just occasion to thy foes illusion?
O, how art thou betray'd, thus fairly driven
In seeming triumph to thy own confusion?
How is thy empty universe bereaven
Of all true joyes, by one false joyes delusion?
So have I seen an unblown virgin led
With sugar'd words so full, that she is led
A fair attended Bride to a false Bankrupts bed.

5

Pull gracious Lord; Let not thine Arm forsake
The world, impounded in her own devices;
Think of that pleasure that thou once didst take
Amongst the Lillies and sweet Beds of spices.
Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slake
The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices:
Let not that dust-devouring Dragon boast,
His craft has wonne what Judahs Lion lost;
Remember what it cray'd; recount the price it cost.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR. lib. 1. De ſummo bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by ſo much the more fiercely he troubleth it with perſecution; that knowing himſelf is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in ep.

Broad and ſpacious is the road to infernal life: there are enticements and death-bringing pleaſures. There the Devil flattereth, that he may deceive; ſmileth that he may endamage; allureth that he may deſtroy.

EPIG. 11.

Nay ſoft and fair good world; poſt not too faſt;
Thy journeys end requires not half this haſt.
Unleſs that arm thou ſo diſdain'ſt reprives thee,
Alas thou needs muſt go: the devil drives thee.

XII.

Inopem me copia fecit.

Will. Marshall. Sculpsit.

XII.

Isaiah 66. 11.

Ye may ſuck, but not be ſatisfied with the breaſt of her conſolation.

1

What never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd ſo faſt (thee:
To th'earths full breaſt? for ſhame, for ſhame unſeiſe
Thou tak'ſt a ſurfet where thou ſhouldſt but taſt,
And mak'ſt too much not halfe enough to pleaſe thee.
Ah fool, forbear; Thou ſwallow'ſt at one breath
Both food & poyſon down; thou draw'ſt both milk & death.

2

The ub'rous breaſts, when fairly drawn, repaſt
The thriving infant with their milkie flood,
But being overſtrain'd, return at laſt
Unwholeſome gulps compos'd of wind and bloud.
A mod'rate uſe does both repaſt and pleaſe;
Who ſtrains beyond a mean draws in and gulps diſeaſe.

3

But, O that mean whoſe good the leaſt abuſe
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes, or crabs a pleaſing juyce?
There's nothing wholeſome, where the whole's infected.
Unſeiſe thy lips: Earths milk's a rip'ned core
That drops from her diſeaſe, that matters from her ſore.

Think'ſt

4

Think'ſt thou that paunch that burlyes out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or fleſh, that ſeems ſo brawny?
Thy paunch is dropſied and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white and thy complexion tawny;
Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumours;
Thy fleſh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

5

And thou whoſe thriveleſs hands are ever ſtraining
Earths fluent breaſts into an empty ſive,
That alwaies haſt, yet alwaies art complaining,
And whin'ſt for more then earth has power to give;
Whoſe treaſure flows and flees away as faſt;
That ever haſt, and haſt, yet haſt not what thou haſt:

6

Go chooſe a ſubſtance, fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking meaſure;
Or elſe go ſeek an urne that will retain
The liquid body of thy ſlipp'ry treaſure:
Alas, how poorely are thy labours crown'd?
Thy liqueur's neither ſweet, nor yet thy veſſel ſound.

7

What leſs then fool is Man, to prog and plot,
And laviſh out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor ſeeming goods, which being got,
Make firm poſſeſſion but a thorow-fare?
Or if they ſtay, they furrow thoughts the deeper,
And being kept with care, they loſe their careful keeper.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. Hom. 3. ſecund. parte Ezech.

If we give more to the fleſh then we ought, we nouriſh an enemy; If we give not to her neceſſity what we ought, we deſtroy a citizen: The fleſh is to be ſatisfied ſo far as ſuffices to our good; whoſoever alloweth ſo much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be ſatisfied: to be ſatisfied is a great art; leſt by the ſatiety of the fleſh we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

Hugo de Anima.

The heart is a ſmall thing, but deſireth great matters: It is not ſufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not ſufficient for it.

EPIG. 12.

What makes thee fool, ſo fat? Fool, thee ſo bare?
Ye ſuck the ſelf-ſame milk, the ſelf-ſame air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone?
The mean's a vertue, and the world has none.

XIII.

Da mihi fræna timor: Da mihi calcar amor.
Ro. Vaughan fecit.

XIII.

John 3. 19.

Men love darkneſs rather then light, becauſe their deeds are evil.

LOrd, when we leave the world and come to Thee,
How dull, how ſlug are we!
How backward! how prepoſterous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are milſtones, and our ſouls are lead,
And our deſires are dead:
Our vowes are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whoſe performance one poor worldly ſcoff
Foyls us, or beats us off.
If thy ſharp ſcourge find out ſome ſecret fault,
We grumble or revolt:
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we ſtray,
Or idly loſe the way.
Is the road fair? we loyter: cloggd with mire?
We ſtick, or elſe retire:
A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,
Each buſh we ſee's a bear.
When our dull ſouls direct their thoughts to thee,
The ſoft-pac'd ſnail is not ſo ſlow as we:
But when at earth we dart our wing'd deſire,
We burn, we burn like fire.

Like

Like as the am'rous needle joyes to bend
To her Magnetick friend:
Or as the greedy Lovers eye-balls flye
At his fair Miſtres eye:
So, ſo we cling to earth; we flie and puff,
Yet flie not faſt enough.
If pleaſure becken with her balmy hand,
Her beck's a ſtrong command:
If honour call us with a courtly breath,
An houres delay is death:
If profits golden finger'd charms enveigles,
We clip more ſwift then Eagles:
Let Auſter weep, or bluſtring Boreas rore
Till eyes or lungs be ſore:
Let Neptune ſwell untill his dropſy-ſides
Burſt into broken tides:
Nor threatning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire,
Can curb our fierce deſire;
Nor fire nor rocks can ſtop our furious minds,
Nor waves, nor winds:
How faſt and fearleſs do our footſteps flee!
The light-foot Roe-buck's not ſo ſwift as we.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. ſup. Pſal. 64.

Two ſeveral Lovers built two ſeveral Cities; the love of God buildeth a Jeruſalem; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon: Let every one enquire of himſelf what he loveth, and he ſhall reſolve himſelf of whence he is a Citizen.

S. AUG. lib. 3. Confeſs.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre: My weight is my love; by that I am driven whitherſoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee the leſs, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

Lord, ſcourge my Aſs if ſhe ſhould make no haſt,
And curb my Stag if he ſhould flie toofaſt:
If he be overſwift, or ſhe prove idle,
Let Love lend him a ſpur: Fear, her, a bridle.

XIV.

Phosphore redde diem.

XIV.

Psalm 13. 3

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, leſt I ſleep the ſleep of death.

VVIll 't ne'r be morning? Will that promis'd light
Ne'r break, and clear thoſe clouds of night?
Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day,
Whoſe conqu'ring ray
May chaſe theſe fogs; Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day.

How long! how long ſhall theſe benighted eyes
Languiſh in ſhades, like feeble flies
Expecting Spring! How long ſhall darkneſs ſoyl
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our ſouls of ſprightful action? when, when will day
Begin to dawn, whoſe new-born ray
May gild the weather-cocks of our devotion,
And give our unſoul'd ſouls new motion?
Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day,
Thy light will fray
Theſe horrid miſts; Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day.

Let thoſe have night that ſlily love t' immure
Their cloyſter'd crimes, and ſinne ſecure;
Let thoſe have night that bluſh to let men know
The baſeneſs they ne're bluſh to do;
Let thoſe have night, that love to take a nap
And loll in Ignorances lap;

Let those whose eyes, like Owls, abhor the light,
Let those have night that love the night:
Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day;
How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes! Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

Alas! my light in vain-expecting eyes
Can find no objects but what rise
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
Of Vulcans forge, whose flames are dark
And dangerous, a dull blew burning light,
As melancholy as the night:
Here's all the Sunnes that glister in the Sphere
Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day;
Haste, haste away
Heavens loytring lamp; Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks earth into a Lethargie,
And with thy sootie fingers hast bedight
The worlds fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spite;
Since thou hast puft our greater Tapour; do
Puffe on, and out the lesser too:
If ere that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day;
Light will repay
The wrongs of night: Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Joh. Ser. 19.

God is all to thee: If thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirſty, he is water; If in darkneſs, he is light; If naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de conq. nat.

God is a light that is never darkned; An unwearied life, that cannot dye; a fountain alwayes flowing; a garden of life; a ſeminary of wiſdome, a radical beginning of all goodneſs,

EPIG. 11.

My ſoul, if Ignorance puffe out this light,
She 'l do a favour that intends a ſpight:
'T ſeems dark abroad; but take this light away,
Thy windows will diſcover *break a day.*

XV.

Debilitata fides: Tellus: Astræa reliquit.

XV.

Revelation 12. 12.

The Devil is come unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.

1

Lord! canst thou see and suffer? is thy hand
Still bound to th'peace? Shall earths black Monarch take
A full possession of thy wasted land?
O, will thy slumb'ring vengeance never wake,
Till full-ag'd law-resisting Custome shake
The pillars of thy right by false command?
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer, and come down;
Behold whose Temples wear thy sacred Crown;
Redress, redress our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own.

2

See how the bold Usurper mounts the seat
Of royal Majesty; How overstrawing
Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bugbear death, by torments over-awing
Thy frighted subjects; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat;
Lord canst thou be so mild, and he so bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by a Fox? Lord, canst thou see and hold?

3

That ſwift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence
Our welcome ſuits before the King of kings,
That ſweet Embaſſadour, that hurries hence
What ayres th' harmonious ſoul or ſighs or ſings,
See how ſhe flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by ſenſe:
Senſe-conqu'ring Faith is now grown blind and cold,
And baſely cravend, that in times of old
Did conquer Heav'n it ſelf, do what th' Almighty could.

4

Behold how double fraud does ſcourge and tear
Aſtræas wounded ſides, ploughd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whoſe fury has no ear;
See how ſhe ſtands a pris'ner to be ſent
A ſlave into eternal baniſhment,
I know not whither, O, I know not where:
Her Patent muſt be cancell'd in diſgrace;
And ſweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,
Muſt act *Aſtræa's* part, muſt take *Aſtræa's* place.

5

Faiths pinion's clipt? And fair *Aſtræa* gone?
Quick-ſeeing *Faith* now blind? And *Juſtice* ſee?
Has *Juſtice* now found wings; and has *Faith* none?
What do we here? who would not wiſh to be
Diſſolv'd from earth, and with *Aſtræa* flee
From this blind dungeon to that Sun-bright Throne?
Lord, is thy Scepter loſt, or laid aſide?
Is hell broke looſe, and all her fiends untied?
Lord, riſe and rouze, and rule and cruſh their furious pride.

PETR.

PETR. RAV. in Math.

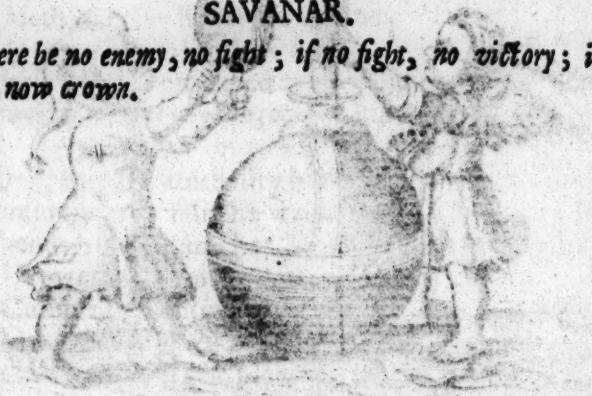
The Devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickednesse, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the world, mans perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger, exposeth vertues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth errours, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace, and scattereth affections.

MACAR.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, now crown.



EPIG. 15.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the Play before the play is done:
Her plot has many changes: Every day
Speaks a new Scene; the last act crowns the Play.

II.

Sic lumine lumen ademptum.

THE SECOND BOOK

I.

Isaiah 50. 11.

You that walk in the light of your own fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie down in sorrow.

1

DO, silly *Cupid*, snuffe and trimme
Thy false, thy feeble light,
And make her self-consuming flames more bright;
Methinks she burns too dimme.
Is this that sprightly fire,
Whose more then sacred beams inspire
The ravisht hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

2

See, Boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Consumes, how fast she waines;
She spends her self, and her, whose wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rayes,
Cannot thy lustful blast,
Which gave it lustre, make it last?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends so fast?

3

Go, Wanton, place thy pale-fac'd light
Where never breaking day
Intends to visit mortals, or display
Thy sullen shades of night:
Thy Torch will burn more clear
In nights un-Titan'd Hemisphere;
Heav'ns scornful flames and thine can never co-appear;

In

4

In vain thy busie hands adress
Their labour to display
Thy easie blaze within the verge of day;
The greater drowns the less:
If Heav'ns bright glory shine,
Thy glim'ring sparks must needs resigne;
Puff out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will work out thine.

5

Go, *Cupids* rammish Pander, go,
Whose dull, whose low desire
Can find sufficient warmth from Natures fire,
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
Blow wind made strong with spite;
When thou hast puft the greater light,
Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made night.

6

Deluded mortals, tell me when
Your daring breath has blown
Heav'ns Tapour out, and you have spent your own,
What fire shall warm ye then?
Ah fools, perpetual night
Shall haunt your souls with Stygian fright,
Where they shall boyl in flames, but flames shall bring no light.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST.

The ſufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not ſufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. 25.

By how much the leſs man ſeeth himſelf, by ſo much the leſs he diſpleaſeth himſelf; and by how much the more he ſeeth the light of Grace, by ſo much the more he diſdaineth the light of nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the underſtanding humility kindleth, and pride covereth.

EPIG. 1.

Thou blowſt heav'ns fire, the whil'ſt thou goes about,
Rebellious fool, in vain to blow it out:
Thy folly addes confuſion to thy death;
Heavens fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath.

II.

Donec totum expleat orbem.

I.

Eccles. 4. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye satisfied with riches.

O How our wid'ned arms can over-stretch
Their own dimensions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their distance! How our yielding breast
Can shrink, to be more full, and full possest
Of this inferiour Orb! How earth refin'd
Can cling to sordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we grasp, we gripe, adde store to store;
Enough requires too much: too much craves more,
We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,
That we recoyl or burst: the busie Mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coyning new desires; desires not knowing
Where next to pitch, but like the boundless Ocean,
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by motion.
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black-ey'd night
First tips her horned brows with easie light,
Whose curious train of spangled Nymphs attire
Her next nights glory with increasing fire;
Each ev'ning addes more lustre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her grasping horns:
She sucks and draws her brothers golden store
Untill her glutted Orb can suck no more.
Ev'n so the Vultur of insatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds

New

New fewel to increaſe her rav'nous fire,
The grave is ſooner cloyd then mens deſire:
We croſs the ſeas, and 'midſt her waves we burn,
Tranſporting lifes, perchance that ne're return;
We ſack, we ranſack to the utmoſt ſands
Of native kingdomes, and of forrein lands;
We travel ſea and ſoyl, we pry, we proul,
We progreſs, and we prog from pole to pole;
We ſpend our mid-day ſweat, our midnight oyl,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toyl:
We make Art ſervile, and the Trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
To compaſs earth; and with her empty ſtore
To fill our arms, and graſp one handful more;
Thus ſeeking reſt, our labours never ceaſe,
But as our years, our hot deſires increaſe:
Thus we, poor little Worlds! (with bloud and ſweat)
In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful loſers,
And what's enclos'd, encloſes the encloſers.
Now Reader cloſe thy book, and then adviſe:
Be wiſely worldly, be not worldly wiſe;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be alwaies raking
The worlds baſe dunghil; vermin's took by taking:
Take heed thou truſt not the deceitful lap
Of wanton *Dalilah*; The worl'ds a trap.

HUGO.

HUGO de anima.

Tell me where be thoſe now that ſo lately loved and hugg'd the world? Nothing remaineth of them but duſt and worms: Obſerve what thoſe men were; what thoſe men are: They were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry daies, and in a moment ſlipt into hell. Here their fleſh is food for worms; there, their ſouls are fewel for fire, till they ſhall be rejoyned in an unhappy fellowſhip, and caſt into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in ſin, ſhall be hereafter partners in puniſhment.

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, *Capid*, and gripe ſtill until that wind,
That's pent before, find ſecret vent behind:
And when th'aſt done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'le truſt thy armful, I'le truſt that.

III.

Non amat iste; sed hamat amor.

III.

Job 18. 8.

He is caſt into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a ſnare.

1

WHat? nets and quiver too? what need there all
These ſlie devices to betray poor men?
Die they not faſt enough, when thouſands fall
Before thy dart? what need theſe engines then?
Attend they not, and anſwer to thy call,
Like nigthly coveys, where thou liſt and when?
What needs a ſtratageme where ſtrength can ſway?
Or what need ſtrength compel, where none gainſay?
Or what need ſtratageme or ſtrength, where hearts obey?

2

Husband thy ſleights: It is but vain to waſt
Honey on thoſe that will be catcht with gall;
Thou canſt not, ah! thou canſt not bid ſo faſt
As men obey: thou art more ſlow to call,
Then they to come; thou canſt not make ſuch haſt
To ſtrike, as they being ſtruck make haſt to fall.
Go ſave thy nets for that rebellious heart
That ſcorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
T'avoid thy flying ſhaft, to quench thy fi'ry dart.

3

Loſt mortal, how is thy deſtruction ſure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorſe!
The one's a Line, the tother is a Lure;
This, to entice thy ſoul; that, to enforce:
Way-laid by both, how canſt thou ſtand ſecure?
That drawes, this wooes thee to th' eternal curſe.
O charming tyrant, how haſt thou befool'd
And ſlav'd poor man, that would not if he could
Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay could not, if he would!

4

Alas thy ſweet perfidious voice betrayes
His wanton ears with thy Sirenian baits;
Thou wrap'ſt his eyes in miſts, then boldly layes
Thy Lethal gins before their chryſtal gates;
Thou lock'ſt up ev'ry Senſe with thy falſe keys,
All willing priſ'ners to thy cloſe deceits:
His ear moſt nimble where it deaf ſhould be,
His eye moſt blind where moſt it ought to ſee, (free,
And when his heart's moſt bound, then thinks it ſelf moſt

5

Thou grand Impoſtour, how haſt thou obtain'd
The wardſhip of the world! Are all men turn'd
Idiots and lunaticks? are all retain'd
Beneath thy ſervile bands? Is none return'd
To his forgotten ſelf? Has none regain'd
His ſenſes? Are their ſenſes all adjourn'd?
What none diſmiſt thy Court? will no plump fee
Bribe thy falſe ſifts to make a glad decree,
T' unfool whom thou haſt fool'd, and ſet thy priſ'ners free?

S. BERN.

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth; here all things are traps; here every thing is beſet with ſnares; here ſouls are endanger'd, bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, *Cupid*, pitch thy trammil where thou pleaſe,
Thou canſt not fail to take ſuch fiſh as theſe;
Thy thriving ſport will ner'e be ſpent: no need
To fear when ev'ry cork's a world thou'lt ſpeed.

IV.

Quam graue seruitium est, quod leuis esca parit.

IV.

Hosea 13. 3.

They ſhall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the ſmoke out of the chimney.

FLint-hearted Stoicks, you, whoſe marble eyes
Contemne a wrinkle, and whoſe ſouls deſpiſe
To follow Natures too affected faſhion,
Or travel in the Regent-walk of Paſſion;
Whoſe rigid hearts diſdain to ſhrink at fears,
Or play at faſt and looſe with ſmiles and tears;
Come burſt your ſpleens with laughter to behold
A new found vanity, which daies of old
Ne'r knew: a vanity, that has beſet
The world, and made more ſlaves then *Mahomet*:
That has condemn'd us to the ſervile yoke
Of ſlavery, and made us ſlaves to ſmoke.
But ſtay! why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we ſole guilty, and the firſt age free?
No, they were ſmok'd and ſlav'd as well as we:
What's ſweet-lipt Honours blaſt, but ſmoke? What's treaſure
But very ſmoke? And what more ſmoke then pleaſure?
Alas: they're all but ſhadows, fumes and blaſts;
That vaniſhes, this fades, the other waſts.
The reſtleſs Merchant, he that loves to ſteep
His brains in wealth, and layes his ſoul to ſleep

In bags of Bullion, sees th'immortal Crown,
And fain would mount, but Ingots keep him down:
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow;
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow:
Blow winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke;
A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.
Behold the Glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds sucks forth an honour'd name,
That thinks no purchase worth the style of good,
But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with bloud;
That for a point, a blast of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whose dear-bought bubble, filld with vain renown,
Breaks with a phillop, or a Gen'rals frown:
His stroke-got Honour staggers with a stroke;
A slave to honour is a slave to smoke.
And that fond soul which wasts his idle daies
In loose delights, and sports about the blaze
Of *Cupids* candle; he that dayly spies
Twin babies in his mistress *Geminies*,
Whereto his sad devotion does impart
The sweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart:
See, how his wings are sing'd in Cyprian fire,
Whose flames consume with youth, in age expire:
The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapours, vanish in a minute:
The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke;
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke.
Now, Stoick, cease thy laughter, and repast
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

S. HIERON.

S. HIEON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great, because he is rich: the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly: he is blown up, but not full.

PETER RAV.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour: the pomp of the world and the favour of the people are but smoke, and a blast suddenly vanishing: which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance, and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

EPIG. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange: It dulls, it rowzes,
It cools, it heats, it binds, and then it looses:
Dull-sprightly-cold-hot fool, if ev'r it winds thee
Into a looseness once, take heed, it binds thee.

V.

Non omne, quod hic micat, aurum est

V.

Proverbs 23. 5.

Wilt thou ſet thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themſelves wings, they flie away as an Eagle.

1

FAlſe world, thou ly'ſt: Thou canſt not lend
The leaſt delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a Friend,
They are ſo ſlight:
Thy morning pleaſures make an end
To pleaſe at night:
Poor are the wants that thou ſupply'ſt:
And yet thou vant'ſt, and yet thou vy'ſt
With heaven; Fond earth thou boaſts; falſe world thou ly'ſt.

2

Thy babling tongue tels golden tales
Of endleſs treaſure;
Thy bounty offers eaſie ſales
Of laſting pleaſure;
Thou ask'ſt the Conſcience what ſhe ails,
And ſwear'ſt to eaſe her;
There's none can want where thou ſupply'ſt:
There's none can give where thou deny'ſt.
Alas, fond world thou boaſts; falſe world thou ly'ſt.

What

3

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay;
Thy cunning can but pack the cards;
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st;
Thou art not what thou seem'st: false world, thou ly'st.

4

Thy tinsil bosome seems a mint
Of new-coin'd treasure,
A Paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man: Vain man! that thus rely'st
On earth: Vain man, thou dot'st: Vain earth, thou ly'st.

5

What mean dull souls, in this high measure
To haberdash
In earths base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash?
The height of whose inchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? False world, thou ly'st.

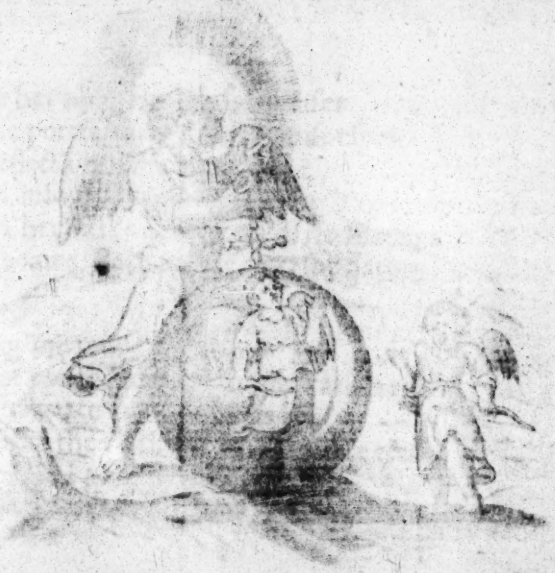
PET.

PET. BLES.

This world is deceitful: Her end is doubtful; Her concluſion is horrible; Her Jugde is terrible; And her puniſhment is intolerable.

S. AUG. lib. Confeſs.

The vain glory of this world is a deceitful ſweetneſs, a fruitleſs labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour! Her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.



EPIG. 5

World, th'art a traytour; thou haſt ſtampt thy baſe
And chymick metal with great *Cæſars* face;
And with thy baſtard bullion thou haſt barter'd
For wares of price; how juſtly drawn and quarter'd!

VI.

Sic decipit orbis.

VI.

Job 15. 31.

Let not him that is deceived truſt in vanity, for vanity ſhall be his recompence.

1

BElieve her not: Her glaſs diffuſes
False portraitures: thou canſt eſpie
No true reflection: She abuſes
Her miſ-inform'd beholders eye;
Her Chryſtall's falſly ſteel'd: It ſcatters
Deceitful beams. Believe her not, ſhe flatters.

2

This flaring mirrour repreſents
No right proportion, hiew, or feature:
Her very looks are complements;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The skilful gloſs of her reflection
But paints the Context of thy courſe complexion.

3

Were thy dimenſion but a ſtride,
Nay, wert thou ſtatur'd but a ſpan,
Such as the long-bild' troops deſi'd,
A very fragment of a man;
She'l make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,
The *Jove-ſlain* tyrant, or th' *Ionick* hill.

Had

4

Had ſurfets, or th' ungracious Starr
Conſpir'd to make one common place
Of all deformities that are
Within the volume of thy face,
She'd lend thee favour ſhould out-move
The Troy-bane *Hellen*, or the Queen of Love.

5

Were thy conſum'd eſtate as poor
As *Lazars*, or afflicted *Jobs*:
She'l change thy wants to ſeeming ſtore,
And turn thy rags to purple robes;
She'l make thy hide-bound flanck appear
As plump as theirs that feaſt it all the year.

6

Look off; let not thy Opticks be
Abus'd; thou ſeeſt not what thou ſhould'ſt:
Thy ſelf's the Object thou ſhould'ſt ſee,
But tis thy ſhadow thou behold'ſt:
And ſhadows thrive the more in ſtature,
The nearer we approch the light of nature.

7

Where Heav'ns bright beams look more direct,
The ſhadow ſhrinks as they grow ſtronger;
But when they glance their fair aſpect,
The bold-fac'd ſhade grows larger, longer;
And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th' increaſing ſhadows lengthen moſt of all.

8

The ſoul that ſeeks the noon of grace,
Shrinks in, but ſwels if grace retreat;
As heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
Our ſelf-eſteems grow leſs or great.
The leaſt is greateſt; and who ſhall
Appear the greateſt are the leaſt of all.

Hugo lib. de Anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not firſt rightly adviſed to behold himſelf: Firſt thou muſt ſee the viſible things of thy ſelf, before thou canſt be prepared to know the inviſible things of God; for if thou canſt not apprehend the things within thee, thou canſt not comprehend the things above thee: the beſt looking-glaſs wherein to ſee thy God, is perfectly to ſee thy ſelf.

EPIG. 6.

Be not deceiv'd, great fool: There is no loſs
In being ſmall; great bulks but ſwell with droſs.
Man is heav'ns Maſter-piece: If it appear
More great, the value's leſs; if leſs, more dear.

VII.

Hic pessima, hic optima seruat.

VII.

Deuteronomy 30. 19.

I have ſet before thee life and death, bleſſing and curſing, therefore chooſe life, that thou and thy ſeed may live.

1

The world's a Floor, whoſe ſwelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the Ploughmans toyl;
The world's a heap, whoſe yet unwinnowed grain
Is lodg'd with chaff and buried in her ſoyl;
All things are mixt, the uſeful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile;
The world's an Ark, wherein things pure and groſs
Preſent their loſſeful gain, and gainful loſs,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of droſs.

2

This furniſht Ark preſents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here laſting joyes; here, pleaſures hourely new,
And hourely fading, may be wiſht and had:
All points of Honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy ſoul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here maiſt thou open wide the two-leav'd door
Of all thy wiſhes, to receive that ſtore
Which being empty moſt, does overflow the more.

3

Come then my ſoul, approch this royal Burſe,
And ſee what wares our great Exchange retains;
Come, come; here's that ſhall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;
No need to ſit in counſel with thy purſe,
Here's nothing good ſhall coſt more price then pains:
But O my ſoul take heed, if thou rely
Upon thy faithleſs Opticks, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain: know, fools onely trade by th'eye.

4

The worldly wiſedome of the fooliſh man
Is like a ſieve, that does alone retain
The groſſer ſubſtance of the worthleſs brain:
But thou, my ſoul, let thy brave thoughts diſdain
So courſe a purchaſe; O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dreſs thy mixt deſires,
Thou art Heav'ns taſker; and thy God requires
The pureſt of thy floor, as well as well as of thy fires.

5

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wiſdome bleſs thy ſouls unblemiſht waies,
No matter then, how ſhort or long's the leaſe,
Whoſe date determines thy ſelf-numbred daies:
No need to care for wealths or fames increaſe,
Nor *Mars* his Palm, nor high *Apollo's* Bayes.
Lord, if thy gracious bountie pleaſe to fill
The floor of my deſires, and teach me skill
To dreſs and chuſe the corn, take thoſe the chaff that will.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation then in fruition: but things eternal more in the fruition then expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between Angels and beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts: but if he delights in spiritual things, he is suited with Angels.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed,
But like a child, and with the childrens bread:
But thou art fed with chaff, or corn undrest:
My soul thou savour'st too much of the beast.

VIII.

Hæc animant pueros cymbala; at illa viros.

Wille. marshall. sculpsit.

VIII.

Philippians 13. 19.

They mind earthly things, but our converſatio is in Heaven.

Venus. *Div. Cupi*

Ven. What means this peeviſh brat? Whiſh lullaby,
What ails my babe? what ails my babe to cry?
Will nothing ſtill it? will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurſes breaſt nor mothers knee?
What ails my bird? what moves my froward boy
To make ſuch whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? come, come, this pettiſh brat,
Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come buſs and friends, my lamb; whiſh lullaby,
What ails my babe? what ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace my dear; alas, thy early years
Had never faults to merit half theſe tears;
Come ſmile upon me: Let thy mother ſpie
Thy fathers image in her babies eye:
Husband theſe guiltleſs drops againſt the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
Thine eye's not ripe for tears: whiſh, lullaby;
What ails my babe, my ſweet-fac'd babe to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring
To pleaſe my bantling! here's a knack will breed
An hundred kiſſes: here's a knack indeed.

o, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
s *Pelops* ſhoulder, or my milk-white pair:
lere's right the fathers ſmile; when *Mars* beguil'd
ick *Venus* of her heart, juſt thus he ſmil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Vell may they ſmile alike; thy baſe-bred boy
nd his baſe ſire had both one cauſe, a toy:
low well their ſubjects and their ſmiles agree?
hy *Cupid* finds a toy, and *Mars* found thee:
alſe Queen of beauty, Queen of falſe delights,
hy knee preſents an Embleme, that invites
Man to himſelf, whoſe ſelf-tranſported heart
(Ov'rwhelm'd with nat ve ſorrows, and the ſmart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy-heeld delay,
The dull-brow'd Pander of deſpair, laies by
His leaden buskins, and preſents his eye
With antick trifles, which th'indulgent earth
Makes proper objects of mans childiſh mirth.
Theſe be the coyn that paſs, the ſweets that pleaſe;
There's nothing good, there's nothing great but theſe:
Theſe be the pipes that baſe-born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to laviſh laughter;
Whilſt Heav'nly raptures paſs without regard;
Their ſtrings are harſh and their high ſtrains unheard:
The plough-mans whiſtle or the trivial flute
Find more reſpect then great *Apoll's* lute:
We'l look to Heav'n, and truſt to higher joyes;
Let ſwine love huſks, and children whine for toyes.

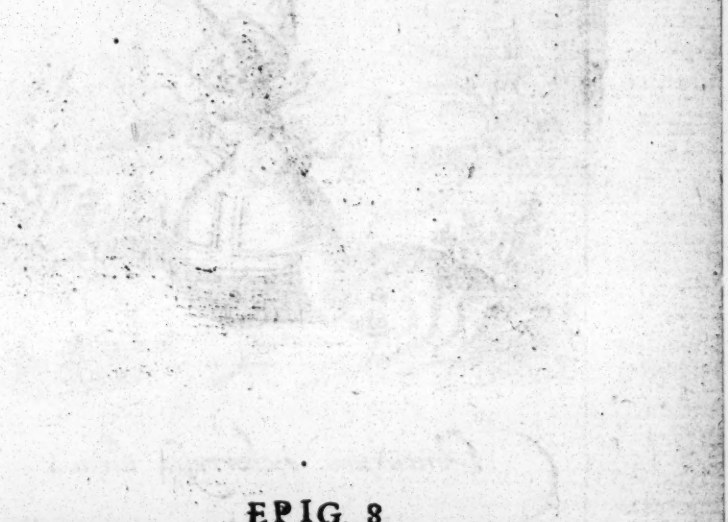
S. BERN.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which (being once poſſeſt thereof) none can take from thee: whereto all pleaſure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, ſweet things are bitter, all glory is baſeneſs, and all delectable things are deſpicable.

S. BERN.

Joy in a changeable ſubject muſt neceſſarily change as the ſubject changeth.



EPIG. 8.

Peace, childiſh *Cupid*, peace: thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry:
But are thy peeviſh wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well maiſt thou cry, that art ſo poorely pleas'd.

IX.

Venturum exhorresco diem.

IX.

Isaiah 10. 3.

what will you do in the day of your visitation? to whom will ye flie for help? and where will you leave your glory?

1.

IS this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bowe
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded Beauties go
Sadly perplext with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that Sov'raign Deity that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings (Kings?
The blundring souls of swains, and stoops the hearts of

2

What Circean charm, what Hecatean spight
Has thus abus'd the God of love?
Great *Jove* was vanquisht by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd then *Jove*?)
Or has our lustful god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

3

Where be those rosie cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious Fates?
Ah, where's that pearl Percullis that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes, that so control'd
The world? And locks, that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curles of burnisht gold?

No,

4

No, no, 'twas neither Hecatean ſpite,
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above;
'Twas neither *Circes* ſpell, nor Stygian ſprite,
That thus transform'd our God of Love;
'Twas owl-eyed Luſt (more potent farr then they)
Whoſe eyes and actions hate the day:
Whom all the world obſerve, whom all the world obey.

5

See how the latter Trumpets dreadful blaſt
Affrights ſtout *Mars* his trembling ſon!
See, how he ſtartles! how he ſtands agaſt,
And ſcrambles from his melting Throne!
Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The ſwelt'ring clouds, whilſt Heav'n appears
A circle fill'd with flame, and center'd with his fears.

6

This is that day, whoſe oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of Prophets bare;
The faithleſs ſubject of the worldlings ſcorn,
The ſumme of men and Angels pray'r:
This, this the day whoſe All-diſcerning light
Ranſacks the ſecret dens of night,
And ſevers good from bad; true joyes from falſe delight.

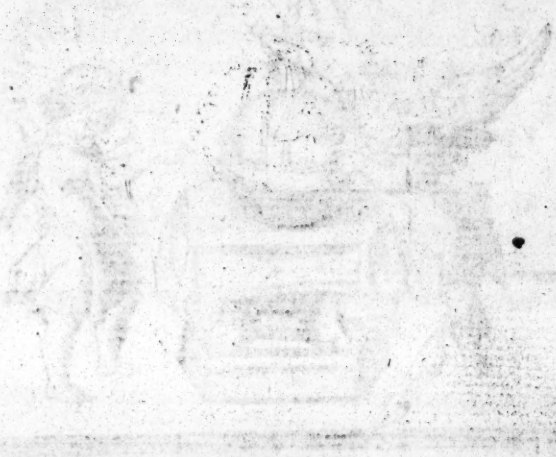
7

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whoſe wiſdome trades
Where light ney'r ſhot his golden ray;
That hide your actions in Cimmerian ſhades,
How will your eyes endure this day?
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not hear;
There be no caves, no corners there,
To ſhade your ſouls from fire, to ſhield your hearts from fear.

HUGO.

HUGO.

O the extreme lothſomneſs of fleſhly luſt, which not onely effeminates the mind, but enerves the body; which not onely diſtaineth the ſoul, but diſguiſeth the perſon! It is uſhered with fury and wantonneſs; it is accompanied with filthineſs and uncleanneſs; and it is followed with grief and repentance.



EPIG. 9.

What? ſweet-fac'd *Cupid*, has thy baſtard-treaſure,
Thy boaſted honours, and thy bold-fac'd pleaſure
Perplext thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool, *To wit, to woe.*

X.

Sinnit : inane est.

X.

Nahum 2. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waſte.

1

SHe's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds, there's nothing there
But noiſe to fill thy eare;
Thy vain enquiry can at length but find
A blaſt of murm'ring wind:
It is a cask, that ſeems as full as fair;
But meerely tunn'd with air;
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The ſoul that vainly founds
Her joyes upon this world but feeds on empty ſounds.

2

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: there's nothing in't.
The ſpark-ingend'ring flint
Shall ſooner melt, and hardeſt raunce ſhall firſt
Diſſolve and quench thy thirſt,
E're this falſe world ſhall ſtill thy ſtormy breaſt
With ſmooth-fac'd calms of reſt:
Thou mayſt as well expect Meridian light
From ſhades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's

3

She's empty: hark, she sounds; 'tis void and vast;
What if some flatt'ring blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
And whisper in thine ear?
It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
And vanishes like a mist:
Poor honour earth can give! What gen'rous mind
Would be so base to bind
Her Heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?

4

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 't'is but a ball
For fools to play withal:
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's lin'd with silken trouble:
It is a world, whose work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A Hag, repair'd with vice complexion, paint,
A quick-house of complaint:
It is a saint, a fiend; worst fiend, when most a saint.

5

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis vain and void.
What's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now, and crost to morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Then what dull flesh propounds:
Trust not this hollow world, she's empty: hark, she sounds.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou ſhalt be rich; contemne glory and thou ſhalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou ſhalt be a conquerour; contemn reſt, and thou ſhalt gain reſt; contemne earth, and thou ſhalt find Heaven.

HUGO lib. de Vanit. mundi.

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor incouragement to the induſtrious.

EPIG. 10.

This houſe is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is ſorrow, and her In-come tears:
Cupid, 't 'as long ſtood void; her bills make known,
She muſt be dearly let; or let alone.

XI.

Erras: hâc itur ad illam.

Will: Marshall, sculpsit.

XI.

MATTHEW 7. 14.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

PRepoſt'rous fool, thou troul'ſt amiſs;
Thou err'ſt; that's not the way, 'tis this:
Thy hopes, inſtructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near then I;
My floor is not ſo flat, ſo fine,
And has more obvious rubs then thine:
'Tis true; my way is hard and ſtrait,
And leads me through a thorny gate,
Whoſe ranckling pricks are ſharp and fell;
The common way to Heav'n's by hell:
'Tis true; thy path is ſhort and fair,
And free of rubs: Ah, fool, beware,
The ſafeſt road's not alwaies ev'n;
The way to Hell's a ſeeming Heav'n.
Think'ſt thou, the Crown of Glory's had
With idle eaſe, fond Cyprian lad?
Think'ſt thou, that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and ſhadow-ſhortning nights,
Soft knees, full bones, and beds of down,
Are proper Prologues to a Crown?
Or canſt thou hope to come and view,
Like proſperous *Cæſar*, and ſubdue?
The bondſlave Uſurer will trudge
In ſpite of Gouts, will turn a drudge,

And serve his soul-condemning purse,
T' increase it with the widows curse:
And shall the crown of glory stand
Not worth the waving of an hand?
The fleshly wanton to obtain
His minute-lust, will count it gain
To lose his freedome, his estate,
Upon so dear, so sweet a rate;
Shall pleasures thus be priz'd, and must
Heav'ns Palm be cheaper then a lust?
The true-bred Spark, to hone his name
Upon the waxen wings of fame,
Will fight undaunted in a flood
That's rais'd with brackish drops and blood:
And shall the promis'd Crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a strife?
An easie good brings easie gains;
But things of price are bought with pains:
The pleasing way is not the right:
He that would conquer Heav'n must fight.

S. HIERON.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of Eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

EPIG. 11.

O *Cupid*, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this Crown were counterfeit:
The way's not easie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues where I smell no sweat.

XII.

In cruce stat Securus amor.

XII.

Galatians 6. 14.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross.

1

CAn nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best?
But still and still remove?
Has earth no mercy? will no Ark of rest
Receive my restless Dove?
Is there no good, then which there's nothing higher,
To bless my full desire
With joyes that never change; with joyes that nev'r expire?

2

I wanted wealth; and at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk then I?
I wanted fame to glorifie the rest;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd;
Wealth vanisht like a shade,
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3

The world's an Ocean, hurried to and fro
With ev'ry blaſt of paſſion:
Her luſtfull ſtreams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of mans vexation:
They alter daily 'and they daily grow
The worſe by alteration;
The earth's a caſk full tunn'd, yet wanting meaſure;
Her pecious wind is pleaſure;
Her yeſt is honours puff; her lees are worldly treaſure.

4

My truſt is in the Croſs: let beauty flag
Her looſe, her wanton ſail;
Let count'nance-gilding Honour ceaſe to brag
In courtly terms, and vail;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her baſe though golden tail;
Falſe beauties conqueſt is but real loſs,
And wealth but golden droſs;
Beſt Honour's but a blaſt; my truſt is in the Croſs.

5

My truſt is in the Croſs: There lies my reſt;
My faſt, my ſole delight:
Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd Eaſt
Blow till they burſt with ſpight:
Let earth and hell conſpire their worſt, their beſt,
And joyn their twiſted might;
Let ſhowres of thunderbolts dart down and wound me,
And troops of fiends ſurround me,
All this may well confront; all this ſhall nev'r confound me.

S. AUGUS.

S. AUGUST.

Christs Cross is the Christcross of all our happiness: It delivers us from all blindness of error, and enriches our darkness with light; it restoreth the troubled soul to rest; It bringeth strangers to Gods acquaintance; It maketh remote forreigners near neighbours; It cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace, and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in Ser. de resur.

We find glory in the Cross; to us that are saved it is the power of God, and the fulness of all virtues.

EPIG. 12.

I follow'd rest, rest fled and soon forsooke me;
I ran from grief, grief ran and overtook me.
What shall I do? lest I be too much tost
On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be crost.

XIII.

Post Vulnera Dæmon

Will: Marshall sculpsit

XIII.

Proverbs 26. 11.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my patience, or great *Chirons* art;
I yield, I yield; the day, the palm is thine;
Thy bow's more true; thy ſhaft's more fierce then mine,
Hold, hold, O hold thy conq'ring hand. What need
To ſend more darts? the firſt has done the deed:
Oft have we ſtrugled, when our equal arms
Shot equal ſhafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twyfork'd with death, has ſtruck my conſcience dead.
But muſt I die? Ah me! If that were all,
Then, then I'd ſtroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
Theſe harſh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
But ſomething whiſpers in my dying ear,
There is an after-day; which day I fear:
The ſlender debt to Nature's quickly paid,
Diſcharg'd perchance with greater eaſe then made;
But if that pale-fac'd Sergeant make arreſt,
Ten thouſand actions would (whereof the leaſt
Is more then all this lower world can bail)
Be entred, and condemn me to the jail
Of Stygian darkneſs, bound in red hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worſe then Titian pains.

Farewel

Farewel my vain, farewel my looſe delights;
Farewel my rambling daies, my rev'ling nights;
'Twas you betrayd me firſt, and when ye found
My ſoul advantage, gave my ſoul the wound:
Farewel my bullion gods, whoſe ſoveraign looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks;
Go, ſeek another ſlave; ye muſt all go;
I cannot ſerve my God and Bullion too.
Farewel falſe honour; you, whoſe ayry wings
Did mount my ſoul above the thrones of kings;
Then flatter'd me, tooke pet, and in diſdain,
Nipt my green buds; then kickt me down again;
Farewel my bow; farewell my Cyprian Quivers;
Farewel dear world, farewel dear world for ever.
O, but this moſt delicious world, how ſweet
Her pleaſures reliſh! Ah! How jump they meet
The graſping ſoul! and with their ſprightly fire,
Revive, and raiſe, and rowze the rapt deſire!
For ever? O, to part ſo long? what? never
Meet more? another year, and then for ever?
Too quick reſolves do reſolution wrong;
What part ſo ſoon, to be divorc'd ſo long?
Things to be done are long to be debated;
Heav'n is not day'd. Repentance is not dated.

S. AUG. lib. de. util. agen. pœn.

Go up my ſoul into the tribunal of thy Conſcience; there ſet thy guilty ſelf before thy ſelf: Hide not thy ſelf behind thy ſelf, leſt God bring thee forth before thy ſelf.

S. AUGUS. in Soliloq.

In vain is that waſhing where the next ſinne defileth: He hath ill repented whoſe ſinnes are repeated: that ſtomach is the worſe for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM.

God hath promiſed pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promiſed repentance to him that ſinneth.

EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded *Cupid*, had this haſty dart,
As it hath prickt thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how has it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had ſav'd thee.

XIV.

Post Lapsum fortius asto.

Will: Marshall. Sculpsit.

XIV.

Proverbs 24. 16.

A juſt man falleth ſeven times and riſeth again, but the wicked ſhall fall into miſchief.

1

'Tis but a foyl at beſt, and that's the moſt
Your skill can boaſt:
My ſlipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript
Juſt as I ſlipt:
My wanton weakneſs did her ſelf betray
With too much play:
I was too bold: He never yet ſtood ſure,
That ſtands ſecure:
Who ever truſted to his native ſtrength,
But fell at length?
The Title's craz'd, the Tenure is not good,
That claims by th'evidence of fleſh and blood.

2

Boaſt not thy skill; the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but ſoft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no ſtones
To cruſh his bones:
What if he ſtaggers? Nay, put caſe he be
Foyl'd on his knee;
That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred Gameſter ups a freſh, and then,
Falls to 't agen;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.

Boaſt

5

Boast not thy Conquest; thou that ev'ry hour
Fall'st ten times lower;
Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
To fall more base:
Thou wallow'st where I slip; and thou dost tumble,
Where I but stumble:
Thou glory'st in thy slav'ries dirty badges,
And fall'st for wages:
Sowr grief and sad repentance scowrs and clears
My stains with tears:
Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure;
But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

6

Lord, what a nothing is this little span,
We call a Man!
What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fires
Of his desire!
How slight and short are his resolves at longest!
How weak at strongest!
O if a sinner held by that fast hand
Can hardly stand,
Good God! in what a desp'rate case are they!
That have no stay!
Mans state implyes a necessary curse;
When not himself, he's mad; when most himself, he's worse.

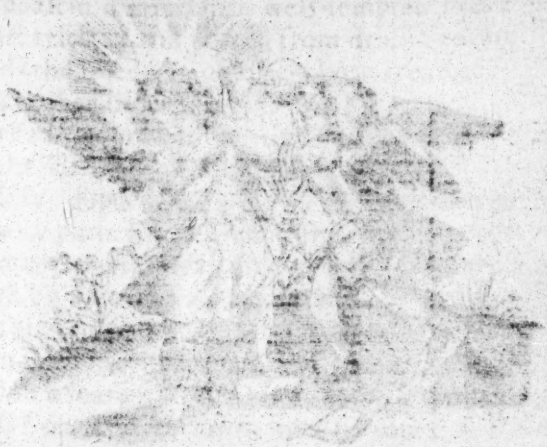
S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad vincula.

Peter ſtood more firmly after he had lamented his fall, then before he fell. Inſomuch that he found more grace then he loſt grace.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no ſuch hainous matter to fall afflicted, as being down to lie dejected: It is no danger for a ſouldier to receive a wound in battel, but after the wound received, through deſpair of recovery, to refuſe a remedy; for we often ſee wounded Champions wear the Palm at laſt, and after fight, crowned with victory.



EPIG. 14.

Triumph not *Cupid*, his miſchance doth ſhow
Thy trade; doth once, what thou doſt alwaies do:
Brag not too ſoon: has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? Ah fool, th' aſt taught him how to ſtand;

XV.

Patet æthra; clauditur orbi.

XV.

Jeremiah 32. 40.

I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

So, now the soul's sublim'd: her sowre desires
Are recalcin'd in heav'ns well-tempred fires:
The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossie nature
Now finds the freedome of a new-born creature:
It lives another life, it breaths new breath;
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death.
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts each house he views his own;
Makes ev'ry purse his chequer; and at pleasure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world like *Cæsar*,
At length by vertue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand;
Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
Is texted in a manuscript of blood:
Thus past from town to town, until he come
A sore repentant to his native home:
Ev'n so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and uncontrol'd removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
From old-worn pleasures to new choice delights,
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended (but his gracious God)
And lasht from sins to sighs; and by degrees,
From sighs to vows, from vowes to bended kneer,

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Of his offended (but his gracious God)
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From sighs to vows, from vowes to bended kneer,

From bended knees, to a true penſive breaſt;
From thence to torments, not by tongues expreſt,
Returns; (and from his ſinful ſelf exil'd)
Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
In ſecret raptures; pants to be diſſolv'd:
The royal Of-ſpring of a ſecond Birth
Sets ope to Heav'n, and ſhuts the doors to earth:
If love-ſick *Jove* commanded clouds ſhould hap
To rain ſuch ſhow'rs as quickned *Danaes* lap:
Or dogs (far kinder then their purple maſter)
Should lick his ſores, he laughs nor weeps the faſter.
If earth (Heav'ns rival) dart her idle ray;
To Heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the world, 'tis clay:
If earth preſent delights, it ſcorns to draw,
But, like the jet unrubb'd, diſdains that ſtraw:
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
No grief diſturbs it; and no errour guides it;
No fear diſtracts it; and no rage inflames it;
No guilt condemns it, and no folly ſhames it;
No ſloth beſots it; and no luſt enthrals it;
No ſcorn afflicts it, and no paſſion gawls it:
It is a carknet of immortal life;
An Ark of peace; the liſts of ſacred ſtrife;
A purer piece of endleſs tranſitory;
A ſhrine of Grace, a little throne of Glory:
A Heav'n-born Of-ſpring of a new-born birth;
An earthly Heav'n; an ounce of Heav'nly earth.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUS. de ſpir. & anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility ſubjects, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perſeverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. GREG.

Which way ſoever the heart turneth it ſelf (if carefully) it ſhall commonly obſerve, that in thoſe very things we loſe God, in thoſe very things we ſhall find God: It ſhall find the heat of his power in conſideration of thoſe things, in the love of which things, he was moſt cold, and by what things it fell, perverted, by thoſe things it is raiſed, converted.

EPIG. 15.

My heart! but wherefore do I call thee ſo?
I have renounc'd my int'reſt long ago:
When thou wert falſe and fleſhly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

Lord all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee: Psa: 38.

THE THIRD BOOK.

The Entertainment.

ALL you whose better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can scorn
The worlds base trash, whose necks disdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whose chast ear
No wanton songs of Sirens can surprize
With false delight; whose more then Eagle-eyes
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and not daze;
Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny
The loose suggestions of the flesh, draw nigh:
And you whose am'rous, whose select desires
Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires,
Which (like the rising Sun) put out the light
Of *Venus* starr, and turn her day to night;
You that would love, and have your passions crown'd
With greater happiness then can be found
In your own wishes; you that would affect
Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect
Shall wound your tortur'd souls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulness cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser fear
Unflames your courage in pursuit, draw near:
Shake hands with earth, and let your soul respect
Her joyes no further, then her joyes reflect
Upon her Makers glory: if thou swim
In wealth, see him in all; see all in him:

Sink'ſt thou in want, and is thy ſmall cruſe ſpent?
See him in want; enjoy him in content:
Conceiv'ſt him lodg'd in Croſs, or loſt in pain?
In Pray'r and Patience find him out again:
Make Heav'n thy Miſtreſs, let no change remove
Thy loyal heart; be fond; be ſick of love:
What if he ſtop his ear, or knit his brow?
At length he'l be as fond, as ſick as thou:
Dart up thy ſoul in grones: Thy ſecret grone
Shall pierce his ear, ſhall pierce his ear alone:
Dart up thy ſoul in vowes: Thy ſacred vow
Shall find him out, where Heav'n alone ſhall know:
Dart up thy ſoul in ſighs: Thy whiſp'ring ſigh
Shall rouſe his ears, and fear no liſtner nigh:
Send up thy grones, thy ſighs, thy cloſet vow;
There's none, there's none ſhall know but Heav'n and thou:
Grones freſht with vowes, and vowes made ſalt with tears,
Unſcale his eyes, and ſcale his conquer'd ears:
Shoot up the boſome ſhafts of thy deſire,
Feather'd with faith, and double-forkt with fire.
And they will hit: Fear not, where Heav'n bids come:
Heav'ns never deaf, but when mans heart is dumb.

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I.

My Soul hath desired Thee in ỹ Night

W. Simpson Sc. Esay. 26

I.

Isaiah 29. 6.

My ſoul hath deſired thee in the night.

GOod God! what horrid darkneſs doth ſurround
My groping ſoul! how are my ſenſes bound
In utter ſhades; and muffled from the light
Lurk in the boſome of eternal night!
The bold-fac'd Lamp of heave'n can ſet and riſe;
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chaſe the ſhadows, and reſtore the day:
Nights baſhful Empreſs, though ſhe often wain,
As oft repents her darkneſs, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her brothers wealth, and orbs her ſilver face.
But ah, my Sun deep ſwallow'd in his fall,
Is ſet, and cannot ſhine, nor riſe at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas, my darkneſs is perpetual night,
Falls have their riſings, wainings have their primes,
And deſp'rate ſorrows wait their better times;
Ebs have their Floods, and Autumns have their Springs:
All States have changes hurried with the ſwings
Of Chance and Time, ſtill tiding to and fro:
Terreſtial bodies and celeſtial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With length'ned arms to find a paſſage out,
That I might catch thoſe beams mine eye deſires,
And bath my ſoul in thoſe celeſtial fires?

Like

Like as the haggard, cloyſter'd in her mue,
To ſcowr her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t'overlook
The tim'rous Mallard at the ſliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from ſtock to ground;
From ground to window, thus ſurveying round
Her dove-beſeath'red Priſon, till at length,
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and ſtrength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nips off her dangling jeſſes, ſtrives to break
Her gingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpſe, and darts at ev'ry grate:
Ev'n ſo my weary ſoul, that long has bin
An Inmate in this Tenement of ſin,
Lockt up by cloud-brow'd Errour, which invites
My cloyſtred thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now ſcorns her ſhadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd deſires at thee, that onely art
The Sun ſhe ſeeks, whoſe riſing beams can fright
Theſe duskie clouds that make ſo dark a night:
Shine forth, great Glory, ſhine; that I may ſee
Both how to loath my ſelf, and honour Thee:
But if my weakneſs force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:
If I muſt want thoſe Beams I wiſh, yet grant,
That I, at leaſt, may wiſh thoſe Beams I want.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 33.

There was a great and dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, ſo that I could not ſee the ſun of Juſtice, and the Light of Truth; I being the ſon of darkneſs, was involved in darkneſs: I loved my darkneſs, becauſe I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindneſs, and did walk from darkneſs to darkneſs: But Lord thou art my God, who haſt led me from darkneſs and the ſhadow of death; haſt called me into this glorious light, and behold, I ſee.

EPIG. 1.

My ſoul, chear up; what if the night be long?
Heav'n finds an ear, when ſinners find a tongue:
Thy tears are morning ſhow'rs: Heav'n bids me ſay,
When *Peters* cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

II.

O Lord Thou Knowest my Foolishnesse.
& my Sins art not hid fro Thee Ps:
W. Simpson sc. Co. 5.

II.

Psalm 69. 3.

O Lord, thou knoweſt my fooliſhneſs, and my ſinnes are not hid from thee.

SEeſt thou this fulſome Ideot? In what meaſure
He ſeems tranſported with the antick pleaſure
Of childiſh baubles? canſt thou but admire
The empty fulneſs of his vain deſire?
Canſt thou conceive ſuch poor delights as theſe
Can fill th' inſatiate ſoul of man, or pleaſe
The fond aſpect of his deluded eye?
Reader, ſuch very fools are thou and I:
Falſe puffs of honour; the deceitful ſtreams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleaſure, are our traffick, and enſnare
Our ſouls, the threefold ſubject of our care:
We toyl for traſh, we barter ſolid joyes
For airy trifles; ſell our Heav'n for toyes:
We ſnatch at barly grains, whilſt pearls ſtand by
Deſpis'd; ſuch very fools are thou and I.
Aym'ſt thou at honour! does not th' Ideot ſhake it
In his left hand? fond man, ſtep forth and take it:
Or would'ſt thou wealth? ſee how the fool preſents thee
With a full basket; if ſuch wealth contents thee:
Would'ſt thou take pleaſure? if the fool unſtride
His prancing Stallion, thou mayſt up and ride:
Fond man, ſuch is the pleaſure, wealth, and honour
The earth affords ſuch fools as dote upon her;

Such

Such is the game whereat earths ideots fly;
Such ideots, ah, such fools are thou and I:
Had rebell-mans fool-hardines extended
No further then himself, and there had ended,
It had been just; but, thus enrag'd to fly
Upon th' eternal eyes of Majesty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the breast
Of his indulgent Father; to arrest
His great and sacred Person; in disgrace,
To spit and spawl upon his Sun-bright face;
To taunt him with base terms; and being bound,
To scourge his soft, his trembling sides; to wound
His head with thorns; his heart with humane fears;
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears:
And then to paddle in the purer stream
Of his spilt blood, is more then most extreme:
Great builder of mankind, canst thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy-work? O, canst thou choose but see,
That mad'st the eye? can ought be hid from thee?
Thou seest our persons, Lord, and not our guilt;
Thou seest not what thou maist, but what thou wilt:
The hand that form'd us, is enforc'd to be
A Screen set up betwixt thy work and thee:
Look, look upon that Hand, and thou shalt spie
An open wound, a through-fare for thine eye;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that Passage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eyes and me,
Yet view the scarre; that scarre will countermand
Thy wrath; O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. Joan.

Fools ſeem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they ſeem to enjoy happineſs, when indeed they are onely moſt miſerable; neither do they underſtand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. GREG. in Mor.

By ſo much the more are we inwardly fooliſh, by how much we ſtrive to ſeem outwardly wiſe.

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done:
Control'd thy God, and crucifi'd his Sonne?
How ſweetly has the Lord of life deceiv'd thee?
Thou ſhedſt his bloud, and that ſhed blood has ſav'd thee.

III.

Haue mercy on me o Lord for I am weak
o L.d heale me for my bones are vexed. ps: 62.

III.

Psalm 6. 2.

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak; O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.

Soul. *Jesus.*

Soul AH, Son of David, help: *Jes.* What sinful crie
Implores the Son of David? *Soul.* It is I.
Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh, a deeply wounded breast
That's heavy laden, and would fain have rest.
Jes. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed
Like household children with the childrens bread.
Soul True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crumbes: O Sonne of David, help.
Jes. Poor Soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I fry;
I cannot rest, I know not where to fly
To find some ease; I turn my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roll from place to place,
T' avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:
My midnight torments call the sluggish light,
And when the morning's come, they woo the night.
Jes. Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires. (fires.
So. Quench, quench my flames, & swage these scorching
Jes. Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy grief?
Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.
Jes. Hold forth thy arm, and let my fingers try
Thy pulse; where chiefley doth thy torment lie?

Soul. From head to foot; it reignes in ev'ry part,
But playes the ſelf-law'd tyrant in my heart.
Feſ. Canſt thou digeſt? canſt reliſh wholeſome food?
How ſtands thy taſt? *Soul.* To nothing that is good:
All ſinful traſh, and earths unſav'ry ſtuff
I can digeſt and reliſh well enough.
Feſ. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?
Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad it burns.
Feſ. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the full
With eating fruit. *Feſ.* 'Tis Epidemical:
Thy bloud's infected, and th' infection ſprung
From a bad liver: 'Tis a feaver ſtrong,
And full of death, unleſs, with preſent ſpeed,
A vein be op'ned; thou muſt die or bleed.
Soul. O I am faint and ſpent: that launce that ſhall
Let forth my bloud, lets forth my life withal:
My ſoul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of bloud, then (being ſpent ſo far) to bleed:
I faint already: If I bleed, I die.
Feſ. 'Tis either thou muſt bleed, ſick ſoul, or I:
My bloud's a cordial. He that ſucks my veins,
Shall cleanſe his own, and conquer greater pains
Then theſe: cheer up; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart ſhall bleed for thine:
Believe and view me with a faithful eye,
Thy ſoul ſhall neither languiſh, bleed, nor die.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUS. lib. 10. Confeſſ.

Lord, be merciful unto me: Ah me! Behold, I hide not my wounds: Thou art a Phyſician, and I am ſick; thou art merciful, and I am miſerable.

S. GREG. in Paſtoral.

O wiſdome, with how ſweet an art doth thy wine and oyl reſtore health to my healthleſs ſoul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! Powerful for me, merciful to me.

EPIG. 3.

Canſt thou be ſick, and ſuch a Doctor by?
Thou canſt not live, unleſs thy Doctor die!
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good,
To ſwage her pains, but the Phyſicians bloud!

IV.

Look ꝺ vpon my Afflictiō & mi
sery & forgiue mee all my Sinne
W. R. Sc.

IV.

Psalm 25. 18.

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my ſinnes.

BOth work and ſtrokes? both laſh and labour too?
What more could Edom, or proud Aſhur do?
Stripes after ſtripes? and blows ſucceeding blows?
Lord, has thy ſcourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? my pains no eaſe? no intermiſſion?
Is this the ſtate? Is this the ſad condition
Of thoſe that truſt thee? will thy goodneſs pleaſe
T'allow no other favours? none but theſe?
VVill not the rhet'rick of my torments move?
Are theſe the ſymptomes, theſe the ſignes of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
The toylſome task of thy laborious mill?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My ſinne, without th'addition of thy ſcourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how faſt it rains
Sad ſhowers of ſweat, the fruits of fruitleſs pains:
Behold theſe ridges; ſee what purple furrows
Thy plow has made; O think upon thoſe ſorrows
That once were thine; wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy by the charms of ſweat and blood?
Canſt thou forget that drowſie mount, wherein
Thy dull Diſciples ſlept? was not my ſin
There puniſh'd in thy ſoul? did not this brow
Then ſweat in thine? were not thoſe drops enow?

Remember Golgotha, where that ſpring-tide
O'rflow'd thy ſoveraign Sacramental ſide:
There was no ſin, there was no guilt in Thee,
That caus'd thoſe pains; thou ſweat'ſt, thou bledſt for me.
Was there not bloud enough, when one ſmall drop
Had pow'r to ranſome thouſand worlds, and ſtop
The mouth of Juſtice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can juſtice challenge more?
Or doſt thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy loſſes from my ſides? my bloud is thin,
And thy free bounty ſcorns ſuch eaſie thrift;
No, no, thy bloud came not as lone but gift.
But muſt I ever grind? and muſt I earn
Nothing but ſtripes? O wilt thou diſaltern
The reſt thou gav'ſt? Haſt thou perus'd the curſe
Thou laid'ſt on *Adams* fall, and made it worſe?
Canſt thou repent of mercy? Heaven thought good
Loſt man ſhould feed in ſweat, not work in bloud:
Why doſt thou wound th' already wounded breaſt?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at beſt:
I am but dying duſt: my dayes, a ſpan;
What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in the bloud of man?
Spare, ſpare thy ſcourge, and be not ſo auſtere;
Send fewer ſtrokes, or ſend more ſtrength to bear.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Hom. 81. in Cant.

Miſerable man! who ſhall deliver me from the reproch of thi ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man; free becauſe a man; miſerable, becauſe a ſervant: In regard of m bondage, miſerable; in regard of my will, inexcuſable: For m will, that was free, beſlaved it ſelf to ſin, by aſſenting to ſin; fo he that committeth ſin is the ſervant to ſin.

Taxe not thy God: Thine own defaults did urge
This twófold puniſhment; the mill, the ſcourge.
Thy ſin's the author of thy ſelf-tormenting:
Thou grind'ſt for ſinning; ſcourg'd for not repenting.

V.

Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, & wilt thou bring me into dust againe? Iob. 10. 9. will simp. seu:

V.

Job 10. 9.

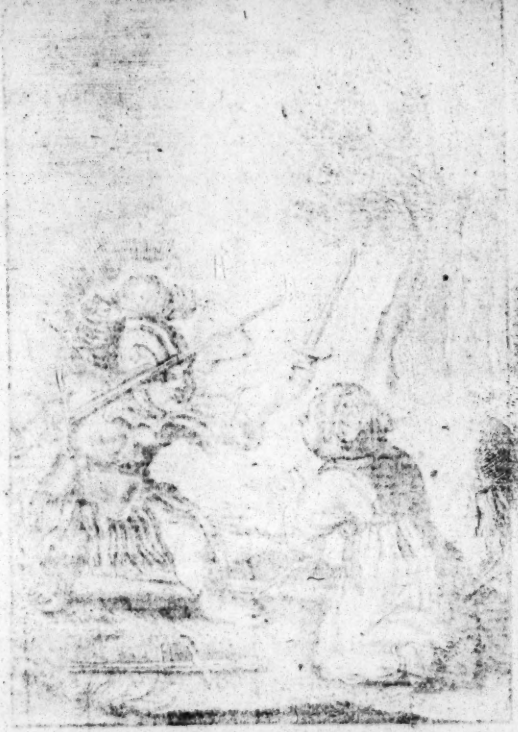
Remember I beſeech thee, that thou haſt made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me to duſt again?

THus from the boſome of the new-made earth
Poor man was delv'd, and had his unborn birth;
The ſame the ſtuff, the ſelf-ſame hand doth trim
The Plant that fades, the beaſt that dies, and him:
One was their ſire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his ſiſters, and the beaſt his brother,
The elder too; beaſts draw the ſelf-ſame breath,
VVax old alike, and die the ſelf-ſame death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes arraid;
Alike they flouriſh, and alike they fade:
The beaſt in ſenſe exceeds him and in growth,
The three-ag'd oak doth thrice exceed them both:
Why look'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
I but my great Creatour did inſpire
My choſen earth with that diviner fire
Of reaſon; gave me judgement and a will;
That to know good; this to chooſe good from ill:
He put the reigns of pow'r in my free hand,
And juriſdiction over ſea and land:
He gave me art to lengthen out my ſpan
Of life, and made me all, in being man:

I, but thy passion has committed treason
Against the sacred person of thy reason:
Thy judgement is corrupt, perverse thy will;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:
The greater height sends down the deeper fall;
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worst of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatness claim the more in being man?
O but my soul transcends the pitch of nature,
Born up by th' Image of her high Creatour;
Outbraves the life of reason, and beats down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown.
My earth's a living Temple t'entertain
The King of Glory, and his glorious train:
How can I mend my title then? where can
Ambition find a higher style then man?
Ah, but that Image is defac'd and soil'd;
Her Temple's raz'd; her Altars all defil'd;
Her vessels are polluted and distain'd
VVith lothed lust, her ornaments prophan'd;
Her oyl-forsaken lamps, and hallow'd tapours
Put out; her incense breaths unsav'ry vapours:
VVhy swell'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
Eternal Potter, whose blest hands did lay
My course foundation from a sod of clay,
Thou know'st my slender vessel's apt to leak;
Thou knowst my brittle temper's prone to break;
Are my bones brazil, or my flesh of oak?
O, mend what thou hast made, what I have broke:
Look, look whith gentle eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AUGUS. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask who made me? It was thou that madeſt me, without whom nothing was made: thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things ſubſiſt, becauſe thou madeſt me: I thank thee O my Potter, becauſe thy hands have made me, becauſe thy hands have formed me.



EPIG. 5.

VVhy ſwell'ſt thou, man, puft up with fame and purſe?
Th' art better earth, but born to dig the worſe:
Thou cam'ſt from earth, to earth thou muſt return,
And art but earth caſt from the womb to th' urn.

VI.

What shall I do vnto thee, O thou preserver of men: why hast thou set mee as a marke against thee. Iob. 7. 20.

W. Marshall. Sculpsit.

VI.

Job 7. 20.

I have ſinned; what ſhall I do unto thee, O thou preſerver of men? why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee?

LOrd, I have done; and, Lord, I have miſdone;
'Tis folly to conteſt, to ſtrive with one
That is too ſtrong; tis folly to aſſail
Or prove an arm, that will, that muſt prevail.
I've done, I've done; theſe trembling hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own:
Forbear to ſtrike where thou haſt won the field;
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
Theſe treach'rous hands that were ſo vainly bold
To try a thriveleſs combate, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Upon her guardleſs guard, doth now repent
Upon this naked floor; See both are bent,
And ſue for pity: O my ragged wound
Is deep and deſp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood and briny tears: It doth begin
To ſtink without, and putrifie within:
Let that victorious hand, that now appears
Juſt in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great Preſerver of preſumptuous man,
What ſhall I do? what ſatisfaction can

Poor dust and ashes make? O if that bloud
That yet remains unshed where half as good
As bloud of oxen; if my death might be
An offering to atone my God and me;
I would disdain injurious life, and stand
A suiter to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span
Of life? or balanc'd with the bloud of man?
No, no, eternal sin expects for guerdon,
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that soul, which base presumption binds;
Thy justice cannot lose what mercie finds:
O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
Lord, if the peevish infant fights and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his mothers eyes,
Her frowns (half mixt with smiles) may chance to shew
An angry love-trick on his arm, or so;
Where if the babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by
She coaks his dewy-cheeks; her babe she blisses,
And choaks her language with a thousand kisses:
I am that child; lo here I prostrate lie,
Pleading for mercy; I repent and cry
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,
And look on ev'ry trespass through a tear:
Then calm thy anger, and appear more mild:
Remember, th' art a Father, I a child.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 21. in Cant.

Miſerable man! who ſhall deliver me from the reproch of this ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man: Free, becauſe like to God; miſerable, becauſe againſt God: O keeper of mankind, why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee? Thou haſt ſet me, becauſe thou haſt not hindred me: It is juſt that thy enemy ſhould be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee, ſhould repugne me: I who am againſt thee, am againſt my ſelf.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? but born, and then rebel?
How ſmall a blaſt will make a bubble ſwell?
But dare the floor affront the hand that laid it?
So apt is duſt to fly in's face that made it.

VIII.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, & holdest mee for thine Enemy. Iob: 13.24

W.S. sc:

VII.

Job. XIII. XXIV.

wherefore hideſt thou thy face, and holdeſt me for thine enemy?

WHy doſt thou ſhade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipſing hand ſo long, deny
The Sun-ſhine of thy ſoul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that *Light*, what light remaines in me?
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light*, in Thee
I live, I move, and by the beams I ſee.

Thou art my *Life*; If thou but turn away,
My life's a thouſand deaths: thou art my *Way*:
Without thee, Lord, I travel not but ſtray.

My *Light* thou art; without thy glorious ſight,
Mine eyes are darkned with perpetual night.
My God, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way*; *I* wander, if thou flie:
Thou art my *Light*; if hid, how blind am I?
Thou art my *Life*; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark; I cannot ſee;
To whom, or whither ſhould my darkneſs flee,
But to the *Light*? And who's that *Light* but Thee?

My path is loſt; my wandring ſteps do ſtray;
I cannot ſafely go, nor ſately ſtay?
Whom ſhould *I* ſeek but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way*?

O, I am dead: to whom ſhall I, poor I,
Repair? to whom ſhall my ſad aſhes fly
But *Life*? And where is *Life* but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'ſt away thy face, and fly'ſt me;
And yet I ſue for grace, and thou deny'ſt me;
Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or onely try'ſt me?

Unskreen thoſe Heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou ſhad'ſt thy face? perhaps thou thinkſt, no eye
Can view thoſe flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, ſhine forth, and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die, for my deſire
Is *Phœnix*-like to periſh in that fire.

Death-conquer'd *Laz'rus* was redeem'd by thee;
If I am dead, Lord ſet deaths priſoner free;
Am *I* more ſpent, or ſtink *I* worſe then he?

If my puſt light be out, give leave to tine
My flameleſs ſnuff at that bright *Lamp* of thine;
O what's thy *Light* the leſs for lightning mine?

If I have loſt my *Path*, great Shepherd, ſay,
Shall I ſtill wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, ſhall a Lamb of *Iſr'els* ſheepfold ſtray?

Thou art the Pilgrims *Path*, the blind mans *Eye*;
The dead mans *Life*; on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I erre, I grope, I die.

Diſcloſe thy Sunbeams; cloſe thy wings, and ſtay;
See, ſee how I am blind, and dead, and ſtray,
O thou that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUS. Soliloq. cap. 1.

Why doſt thou hide thy face? Happily thou wilt ſay, none can ſee thy face and live: Ah Lord, let me die, that I may ſee thee; let me ſee thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may ſee Chriſt, I deſire death; that I may live with Chriſt, I deſpiſe life.

ANSELM. Med. cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God thou hideſt thy treaſure, to kindle my deſire; thou hideſt thy pearl, to inflame the ſeeker; thou delay'ſt to give, that thou maiſt teach me to importune; ſeem'ſt not to hear, to make me perſevere.

EPIG. 7.

If heav'ns all-quickning Eyes vouchſafe to ſhine
Upon our ſouls, we ſlight; if not, we whine:
Our Equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the Tropicks of that eye.

VIII.

O that my Head were waters, and mine eyes a fountaine of teares!

Ier: 9. 1.

Will: Marshall. Sculpsit.

VIII.

Jer. IX. I.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.

O That mine eyes were ſprings, and could transform
Their drops to ſeas! my ſighs, into a ſtorme
Of Zeal, and ſacred Violence, wherein
This lab'ring veſſel, laden with her ſin,
Might ſuffer ſudden ſhipwrack, and be ſplit
Upon that Rock, where my drench'd ſoul may ſit
Orewhelm'd with plenteous paſſion; O and there
Drop, drop into an everlaſting tear!
Ah me! that ev'ry ſliding vein that wanders
Through this vaſt iſle, did work her wild Meanders
In brackiſh tears, inſtead of blood, and ſwell
This fleſh with holy Dropſies, from whoſe Well,
Made warm with ſighs, may fume my waſting breath,
Whilſt I diſſolve in ſtreams, and reek to death!
Theſe narrow ſluces of my dribling eyes
Are much too ſtreight for thoſe quick ſprings that riſe
And hourly fill my Temples to the top;
I cannot ſhed for ev'ry ſin a drop:
Great builder of mankind, why haſt thou ſent,
Such ſwelling floods, and made ſo ſmall a vent?

O that this fleſh had been compos'd of ſnow,
Inſtead of earth; and bones of ice, that ſo,
Feeling the Fervor of my ſin; and lothing
The fire I feel, *I* might be thaw'd to nothing!
O thou, that didſt, with hopeful joy, entomb
Me thrice three Moones in thy laborious womb,
And then with joyful pain, broughtſt forth a Son,
What worth thy labour has thy labour done?
What was there? Ah! what was there in my birth
That could deſerve the eaſieſt ſmile of mirth?
A man was born: Alas and what's a man?
A ſcuttle full of duſt, a meaſur'd ſpan
Of flitting time; a furniſh'd Pack, whoſe wares
Are ſullen Griefs, and ſoul-tormenting Cares:
A vale of tears; a veſſel tunn'd with breath,
By ſickneſs broacht, to be drawn out by death:
A hapleſs, helpleſs thing; that, born does cry
To feed; that feeds to live; that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whoſe eyes ſpent drops ſo often
For me, that cannot weep enough; O ſoften
Theſe marble brains, and ſtrike this flinty rock;
Or if the [illegible] of thy *Peters* Cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my hearkning ears
With that ſweet ſound, that *I* may melt in tears:
I cannot weep untill thou broach mine eye;
Or give me vent, or elſe *I* burſt, and die.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. in Pſal. 118.

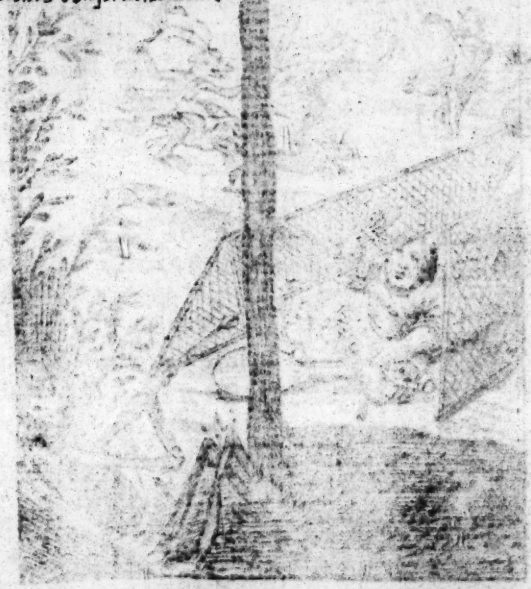
He that commits ſinnes to be wept for, cannot weep for ſinne committed: And being himſelf moſt lamentable, hath no tears t lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

Tears are the deluge of ſin, and the worlds ſacrifice.

S. HIEROM. in Eſaiam.

Prayer appeaſes God, but a tear compels him: that moves him, but this conſtrains him.



EPIG. 8.

Earth is an Iſland ported round with Fears;
The way to Heav'n is through the Sea of tears.
It is a ſtormy paſſage, where is found
The wrack of many a ſhip, but no man drown'd.

IX.

The sorrowes of hell haue encompassed me the snares of death haue ouertaken me. psa: 17

IX

Psalm XVIII. V.

The ſorrowes of hell compaſſed me about [redacted], and the ſnares of death prevented me.

IS not this Type well cut? in ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? fil'd with Zeuxian Art?
Are not the Hunters, and their Stygian Hounds
Limm'd full to th' life? Didſt ever heare the ſounds,
The muſick, and the lip-divided breaths
Of the ſtrong-winded Horn, Recheats, and deaths
Done more exact? Th' infernal Nimrods hollow?
The lawleſs Purliews? and the Game they follow?
The hidden Engines? and the ſnares that lie
So undiſcover'd, ſo obſcure to th'eye?
The new-drawn net? and her entangled Prey?
And him that cloſes it? Beholder, ſay,
Is't not well done? ſeems not an em'lous ſtrife
Betwixt the rare cut picture and the life?
Theſe Purliew-men are Devils; and the hounds,
(Thoſe quick-nos'd Canibals that ſcour the grounds)
Temptations, and the Game theſe Fiends purſue,
Are humane ſouls, which ſtill they have in view;
Whoſe fury if they chance to ſcape, by flying,
The skilful Hunter plants his net, cloſe lying

On

On th'unſuſpected earth, baited with treaſure,
Ambitious honour, and ſelf-waſting pleaſure;
VVhere if the ſoul but ſtoop, death ſtands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drawn, the ſoul's enſnar'd.
Poor ſoul! how art thou hurried to and fro?
VVhere canſt thou ſafely ſtay? where ſafely go?
If ſtay: theſe hot-mouth'd Hounds are apt to tear thee,
If goe; the ſnares encloſe, the nets enſnare thee:
VVhat good in this bad world has pow'r t'invite thee
A willing Gueſt? wherein can earth delight thee?
Her pleaſures are but itch; Her wealth, but Cares;
A world of dangers and a world of ſnares:
The cloſe purſuers buſie hands do plant
Snares in thy ſubſtance; Snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; Snares in thy diſgrace;
Snares in thy high eſtate; Snares in thy baſe;
Snares tuck thy bed; and Snares atround thy boord;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and Snares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; Snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy dyet; Snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy reſolves; Snares, in thy doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart, and Snares without;
Snares are above thy head, and Snares beneath;
Snares in thy ſickneſs; Snares are in thy death:
O, if theſe purlieus be ſo full of danger,
Great God of Harts, the worlds ſole ſov'raign Ranger,
Preſerve thy Deere, and let my ſoul be bleſt
In thy ſafe Forreſt, where *I* ſeek for reſt:
Then let the Hell-hounds roar; *I* fear no ill;
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

nO

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS lib. 4. in cap. 4. Lucæ.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacie of diet, and the beauty of a harlot are the ſnares of the Devil.

S. AMBROS. de bono mortis.

Whileſt thou ſeekeſt pleaſures, thou runneſt into ſnares, for the eye of the harlot is the ſnare of the Adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating, he ſets before us Gluttony; in generation, luxury; in labour ſluggiſhneſs; in converſing, envy; in governing, covetouſneſs; in correcting, anger; in honour, pride; in the heart, he ſets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions evil workes; when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when aſleep, to filthy dreams.

EPIG. 9.

Be ſad, my Heart, Deep dangers wait thy mirth;
Thy ſoul's way-laid by ſea; by Hell; by earth;
Hell has her hounds; Earth, ſnares; the Sea, a ſhelf;
But moſt of all, my heart, beware thy ſelf.

X.

Enter not into iudgment with thy seruant for no man liuing shall be iustified in thy sight Will. Simpson

X.

Psalm CXLIII. II.

Enter not into judgement with thy ſervant, for in thy ſight ſhall no man living be juſtified.

Jeſus. *Juſtice.* *Sinner.*

Jeſ. BRing forth the prins'er, *Iuſtice.* *Iuſt.* Thy commands
Are done, juſt Judge; See here the pris'ner ſtands.
Jeſ. What has the pri'sner done? Say; what's the cauſe
Of his commitment? *Juſt.* He has broke the lawes
Of his too gracious God; conſpir'd the death
Of that great Majeſty that gave him breath,
And heaps tranſgreſſion, Lord, upon tranſgreſſion.
Jeſ. How know'ſt thou this? *Ju.* Ev'n by his own confeſſion:
His ſinnes are crying; and they cry'd aloud;
They cry'd to heav'n, they cryd to heav'n for blood.
Jeſ. What ſayſt thou ſinner? haſt thou ought to plead,
That ſentence ſhould not paſs? hold up thy head,
And ſhew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and baſe
To tread upon the earth, much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n; I need no other ſhrift
Than mine own conſcience; Lord, I muſt confeſs,
I am no more then duſt, and no whit leſs

Than

Than my inditement ſtyles me; Ah, if thou
Search too ſevere, with too ſevere a Brow,
What fleſh can ſtand? I have tranſgreſt thy lawes;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cauſe.
Juſt. Lord ſhall *I* ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice, ſtay:
Sinner, ſpeak on; what haſt thou more to ſay?
Sin. Vile as *I* am, and of my ſelf abhor'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stampt with thy glorious image, and at firſt,
Moſt like to thee, though now a poor accurſt
Convicted Caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Juſt.* Thy fault's the greater;
Lord ſhall *I* ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice, ſtay,
Speak, ſinner; haſt thou nothing more to ſay?
Sin. Nothing but *Mercy*, *Mercy*; Lord my ſtate
Is miſerably poor and deſperate;
I quite renounce my ſelf, the world, and flee
From Lord to *Ieſus*; from thy ſelf, to thee.
Juſt. Ceaſe thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd;
Abuſed mercy muſt have blood for blood:
Shall *I* yet ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Stay, Juſtice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood growes cold,
To view the trembling wretch; Me thinks, *I* ſpie
My fathers image in the priſ'ners eye.
Juſt. *I* cannot hold. *Jeſ.* Then turn thy thirſty blade
Into my ſide: let there the wound be made:
Chear up, dear ſoul; redeem thy life with mine:
My ſoul ſhall ſmart; my heart ſhall bleed for thine.
Sin. O groundleſs deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies, to ſet th' offender free.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Lord, if I have done that, for which thou mayest damne me; thou hast not lost that whereby thou mayest save me: Remember not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy Creature: Remember not to proceed against a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: Forget the insolence of the provoker, and behold the misery of the invoker; For what is Jesus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have respect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forget what my sinnes have done against thee: My flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy: it is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercie of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my Advocate, is now my judge:
He suffers, pleads, and sentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

XI.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deepe swallow me vp.
Ps: 69. 15. Will: Simpson sculpsit.

XV.

Psalm 69. 15.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deeps swallow me up.

The world's a Sea; my flesh a Ship that's mann'd
With lab'ring Thoughts, and steer'd by Reasons hand:
My Hearts the Sea-mans Card, whereby she sails;
My loose Affections are the greater Sails:
The Top-sail is my Fancie, and the Gusts
That fill these wanton sheets are worldly Lusts.
Pray'r is the Cable, at whose end appears
The Anchor Hope, nev'r slipt but in our fears:
My Will 's th' unconstant Pilot, that commands
The stagg'ring Keel; my Sinnes are like the Sands:
Repentance is the Bucket, and mine Eye
The Pump, unus'd (but in extremes) and dry:
My Conscience is the Plummet that doth presse
The deeps, but seldome cries, *A fathom lesse*:
Smooth Calm's security; the Gulf, despair;
My Fraught's Corruption, and this Life's my Fair:
My Soul's the Passenger, confus'dly driven
From fear to fright; her landing-Port is Heaven.
My Seas are stormy, and my Ship doth leak;
My Saylers rude; my Steersman faint and weak:
My Canvace torn, it flaps from side to side;
My Cable's crakt, my Anchor's slightly ti'd;
My Pilot's craz'd, my shipwrack-Sands are cloak'd;
My Bucket's broken, and my Pump is choak'd;

My Calm's deceitfull; and my Gulf too near;
My Wares are ſlubber'd, and my Far's to dear:
My Plummet's light, it cannot ſink nor ſound;
O ſhall my Rock-bethreatned Soul be drown'd?
Lord, ſtill the Seas, and ſhield my Ship from harm;
Inſtruct my Sailours, guide my Steerſmans arm:
Touch thou my Compaſſe, and renew my Sails
Send ſtiffer courage, or ſend milder gales;
Make ſtrong my Cable; bind my Anchor faſter;
Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Maſter;
Object the Sands to my more ſerious view,
Make ſound my Bucket, bore my pump anew:
New caſt my Plummet, make it apt to try
Where the Rocks lurk, and where the Quickſands lie;
Guard thou the Gulf with love, my Calms with care;
Cleanſe thou my Fraught; accept my ſlender Fare;
Refreſh the Sea-ſick paſſenger; cut ſhort
His Voyage; land him in his wiſhed Port:
Thou, Thou, whom winds and ſtormy ſeas obey,
That through the deep gav'ſt grumbling Iſr'ell way,
Say to my Soul, be ſafe; and then mine eye
Shall ſcorn grim death, although grim death ſtand by;
O thou whoſe ſtrength-reviving Arm did cheriſh
Thy ſinking *Peter*, at the point to periſh,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will ſave.

S. Ambros.

S. AMBROS. Apol. poſt. pro. David. Cap. 3.

The conſluence of luſts makes a great tempeſt, which in this ſea diſturbeth the ſea-faring ſoul, that reaſon cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. Cap. 35.

We labour in a boyſterous ſea: Thou ſtandeſt upon the ſhore and ſeeſt our dangers: Give us grace to hold a middle courſe betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers eſcaped, we may arrive at our Port ſecure.

EPIG. II.

My Soul, the ſeas are rough, and thou a ſtranger
In theſe falſe coaſts; O keep aloof; there's danger:
Caſt forth thy plummet; ſee a rock appears;
Thy ſhip wants ſea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.

O that thou wouldst protect me in the graue,
and hide me vntill thy furie be past.
Iob 14. Will. Simpson sculp.

XII.

Job 14. 13.

O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that thou wouldst keep me secret untill thy wrath be past!

O Whither shall I flye; what path untrod
Shall I seek out to scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from Thunder? where shall I abide,
Untill his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What, if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas, no shades can blind the God of Light.

What, if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desart; if she spring away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? Can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Sheild, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Nor silent Desarts, nor the sullen Grave,
Where flame-ey'd fury means to smite, can save.

The Seas will part; Graves open; Rocks will split,
The Shield will cleave; the frighted Shadows flit;
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no- if ſtern-browd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, nor under,
So cloſe, but will unlock, or rive in ſunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can ſcape that hand untill that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that's every where?

'T is vain to flee; till gentle mercy ſhew
Her better eye, the farther off we goe,
The ſwing of Juſtice deals the mightier blow.

Th'ingenious child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mothers hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithleſſe, and the rocks are falſe;
No truſt in braſſe, no truſt in marble walls;
Poore cots are even as ſafe as Princes halls.

Great God, there is no ſafety here below;
Thou art my Fortreſſe, though thou ſeem'ſt my foe,
'T is thou that ſtrik'ſt the ſtroke muſt guard the blow.

Thou art my God; by thee I fall or ſtand;
Thy Grace hath giv'n me courage to withſtand
All tortures, but my conſcience and thy hand.

I know thy Juſtice is thy ſelf; I know,
Juſt God, thy very ſelf is Mercy too;
If not to thee, where? whither ſhould I goe?

Then work thy will? If paſſion bid me flee,
My reaſon ſhall obey; my wings ſhall be
Stretcht out no further then from thee to thee.

S. Augustᵀ.

S. Augustᵀ. in Psal. 30.

Whither ſlie I? To what place can I ſafely ſlie? To what mountain? To what den? To what ſtrong houſe? What Caſtle ſhall I hold? What walls ſhall hold me? Whitherſoever I goe, my ſelf followeth me: For whatſoever thou flieſt, O man, thou maiſt, but thy own conſcience: whereſoever O Lord I goe, I find thee, If angry, a Revenger; if appeaſed, a Redeemer: What way have I, but to flie from thee to thee: That thou maiſt avoid thy God, addreſſe thee to thy Lord.

EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy fears command
No rocks to ſhield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'ſt thou not where to ſcape? I'll tell thee where;
My ſoul make clean thy conſcience; hide thee there.

XIII.

Are not my dayes few? Cease then, and let me alone that I may bewayle me a little.

Iob. 10. 20. *Will: Simpson. Sculpsit*

XIII.

JOB 10. 20.

Are not my dayes few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone, that I may bewail my ſelf a little.

MY Glaſſe is half unſpent: Forbear t' arreſt
My thriftleſſe day too ſoon: my poore requeſt
Is that my glaſſe may run but out the reſt.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; ſee, ſee how ſwift they run:
Cut not my thred before my thred be ſpun.

The gain's not great I purchaſe by this ſtay;
What loſſe ſuſtain'ſt thou by ſo ſmall delay,
To whom ten thouſand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a ſhift
To count my winged houres; they fly ſo ſwift,
They ſcarce deſerve the bounteous name of gift.

The ſecret wheels of hurrying Time do give
So ſhort a warning, and ſo faſt they drive,
That I am dead before I ſeem to live.

And what's a Life a weary Pilgrimage,
Whoſe glory in one day doth fill the ſtage
With Childhood, Manhood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a Life? the flouriſhing array
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green pluſh, and is to morrow hay.

And what's a Life? A blaſt ſuſtein'd with clothing,
Maintein'd with food, retein'd with vile ſelf-lothing,
Then weary of it ſelf, again'd to nothing.

Reade on this diall, how the ſhades devour
My ſhort-liv'd winters day; houre eats up houre;
Alas, the totall's but from eight to foure.

Behold theſe Lillies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how ſoon they droop, how ſoon they fade!

Shade not that diall, night will blind too ſoon;
My nonag'd day already points to noon;
How ſimple is my ſuit! how ſmall my boon!

Nor do I beg this ſlender inch, to while
The time away, or ſafely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a ſmile.

No, no: 't is not to pleaſe my wanton ears
With frantick mirth, I beg but houres, not years:
And what thou giv'ſt me, I will give to teats.

Draw not that ſoul which would be fathor'led;
That *Seed* has yet not broke my Serpents head;
O ſhall I die before my ſinnes are dead?

Behold theſe rags; am I a fitting gueſt
To taſt the dainties of thy royall feaſt,
With hands and face unwaſh'd, ungirt, unbleſt?

Firſt, let the Jordan ſtreams (that find ſupplies
From the deep fountain of my heart) ariſe,
And cleanſe my ſpots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of ſinnes to be lamented;
I have a ſea of teares that muſt be vented:
O ſpare till then; and then I die contented.

S. Augustᵀ. lib. de Civit. Dei Cap. 10.

The time wherein we live is taken from the ſpace of our life; and what remaineth is dayly made leſſe and leſſe, in ſo much that the time of our life is nothing but a paſſage to death.

S: Greg. lib. 9. Cap. 44. 10. Iob.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, ſo immoderate take away tears; in ſo much that ſorrow becometh no ſorrow, which ſwallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the ſence of the affliction.

Epig. 13.

Fear'ſt thou to goe, when ſuch an Arm invites thee?
Dread'ſt thou thy loads of ſinne? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins;
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy ſins?

XIV.

Oh that they were wise, then they would vnderstand this; they would consider their latter end. Deeteron: 32. I Payne scul

XIV.

DEUTERONOMY. 32. 29.

O that men were wise, and that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.

Flesh. *Spirit.*

Fl. WHat means my sisters eye so oft to passe
Through the long entry of that Optick glasse?
Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?
Sp. It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; It draws the object near.
Fl. What sence-delighting objects dost thou spie?
What doth that Glasse present before thine eye?
Sp. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim Death, even standing at the Glasses end;
His left hand holds a branch of Palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight!
And is this all? doth thy Prospective please
Th' abused fancie with no shapes but these?
Sp. Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of Heav'n
Swelt'ring in flames; the Angel-guarded Sonne
Of glory on his high Tribunal-Throne;
And Friends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poore souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.

Look

Look, ſiſter, how the queazy-ſtomack'd Graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
Scalld their conſumeloſſe bodies, ſtrongly curſing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nurſing.
Fl. Can thy diſtemper'd fancie take delight
In view of tortures? theſe are ſhowes t'affright:
Look in this glaſſe triangular; look here;
Here's that will raviſh eyes. *Sp.* What ſeeſt thou there?
Fl. The world in colours, colours that diſtain
The cheeks of *Proteus*, or the ſilken train
Of *Flora's* Nymphs; ſuch various ſorts of hiew,
As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
Here, if thou pleaſe to beautifie a town,
Thou maiſt; or with a hand, turn't upſide down;
Here maiſt thou ſcant or widen by the meaſure
Of thine own will; make ſhort or long at pleaſure:
Here maiſt thou tire thy fancie, and adviſe
With ſhows more apt to pleaſe more curious eyes.
Sp. Ah fool! that dot'ſt on vain, on preſent toyes,
And diſreſpect'ſt thoſe true, thoſe future joyes!
How ſtrongly are thy thoughts beſool'd, alas,
To dote on goods that periſh with thy glaſſe!
Nay, vaniſh with the turning of a hand!
were they but painted colours, it might ſtand
With painted reaſon that they might devote thee;
But things that haye no being to beſot thee?
Foreſight of future torments is the way
To baulk thoſe ills which preſent joyes bewray;
As thou haſt fool'd thy ſelf, ſo now come hither,
Break that fond glaſſe, and let's be wiſe together.

S. BONAVENT

BONAVENT. de contemptu ſeculi.

O that men would be wiſe, underſtand, and foreſee: Be wiſe, to know three things: The multitude of thoſe that are to be damned: the few number of thoſe that are to be ſaved; and the vanity of tranſitory things: Vnderſtand three things? the multitude of ſinnes, the omiſſion of good things, and the loſſe of time: Foreſee three things, the danger of death, the laſt judgement, and eternall punishment.

EPIG. 14.

What, Soul, no further yet? what nev'r commence
Maſter in Faith? Still batchelour of Sence?
Is't inſufficiency? Or what has made thee
Oreſlip thy loſt degree? thy luſts have ſtaid thee.

XV.

My life is spent with grief, & my yeeres with sighing. Ps: 30: 10. WM. sculp:

XV.

Psalm 30. 10.

My life is ſpent with grief, and my years with ſighing.

What ſullen Starre rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my daies one hour of mirth?
How oft have theſe bare knees been bent to gain
The ſlender alms of one poor ſmile, in vain?
How often, tir'd with the faſtidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the ſhades of night?
How often have my nightly torments praid
For lingring twilight, glutted with the ſhade?
Day worſe then night, night worſe then day appears,
In fears I ſpend my nights, my daies in tears:
I moan unpitri'd, grone without relief,
There is nor end, nor meaſure of my grief.
The ſmiling flow'r ſalutes the day; it growes
Untouch'd with care; it neither ſpins nor ſowes;
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finiſh'd with an houre:
Why was I born? Why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by ſo large a ſpan?
Or why ſuſpended by the common lot,
And being born to die, why die I not?
Ah me! why is my ſorrow-waſted breath
Deni'd the eaſie priviledge of death?
The branded ſlave that tugs the weary oare,
Obtains the Sabbath of a welcome ſhore?
His ranſom'd ſtripes are heal'd, his native ſoil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his forrein toil:

But ah! my ſorrows are not half ſo bleſt;
My labour finds no point, my pains no reſt:
I barter ſighs for tears, and tears for grones,
Still vainly rolling Siſyphean ſtones:
Thou juſt Obſerver of our flying houres,
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devours
The brazen monuments of renowned Kings,
Doth thy glaſſe ſtand? Or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to flie? If not why doſt thou ſpare
A willing breaſt; a breaſt that ſtands ſo fair?
A dying breaſt, that hath but onely breath
To beg a wound, and ſtrength to crave a death?
O that the pleaſed Heav'ns would once diſſolve
Theſe fleſhly fetters, that ſo faſt involve
My hamp'red ſoul; then would my ſoul be bleſt
From all theſe ills, and wrap her thoughts in reſt:
Till then, my daies are months, my months are years,
My years are ages to be ſpent in tears:
My grief's entail'd upon my waſtfull breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off, but death;
Breath drawn in cottages, puft out in thrones,
Begins, continues, and concludes in grones.

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail the miſerable ingreſſe of mans condition; the ſinfull progreſſe of mans converſation, the damnable egreſſe in mans diſſolution? I will conſider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: Alas, he is formed of earth, conceived in ſinne, born to puniſhment: He doth evil things, which are not lawfull; He doth filthy things, which are not decent; He doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, Thy life 's a debt by Bond, which bears
A ſecret date; the uſe is Grones and Tears:
Plead not; uſurious Nature will have all,
As well the Int'reſt as the Principall.

I.

My ſoule hath coueted to deſire thy iudgments. Pſal: 119.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

I.

ROMANES 7.23.

I ſee another Law in my members warring againſt the Law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the Law of ſin.

1

O How my will is hurried to and fro,
And how my unreſolv'd reſolves to vary!
I know not where to fix; ſometimes I goe
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:
I like, diſlike; lament for what I could not;
I do, undo; yet ſtill do what I would not.
And at the ſelf ſame inſtant will the thing I would not.

2

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppreſt
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourely toſt from Eaſt to Weſt
Upon the rowling ſtreams of good and ill:
Thus am I driven upon theſe ſlipp'ry ſuds
From reall ills to falſe apparent goods:
My life 's a troubled ſea, compos'd of Ebs and Flouds.

3

The curious Penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
Lets fall a heedleſſe drop, then in a rage
Caſhiers the fruits of his unlucky skill;
Ev'n ſo my pregnant ſoul in th' infant bud
Of her beſt thoughts, ſhowrs down a cole-black flood
Of unadviſed ills, and cancels all her good.

4

Sometimes a ſudden flaſh of ſacred heat
Warms my chill ſoul, and ſets my thoughts in frame:
But ſoon that fire is ſhouldred from her ſeat
By luſtfull *Cupids* much inferiour flame:
I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;
Thus are the mungrill thoughts of mixt deſire
Conſum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5

Sometimes my traſh-diſdaining thoughts out-paſſe
The common period of terrene conceit?
O then, methinks I ſcorn the thing I was,
Whilſt I ſtand raviſht at my new eſtate:
But when th' Icarian wings of my deſire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleſhly will:
My Paſſion 's Eagle ey'd; my judgement blind;
I know what 's good, but yet make choice of ill.
When th' Oſtrich wings of my deſires ſhall be
So dull, they cannot mount the leaſt degree,
Yet grant my ſoul deſire but of deſiring thee.

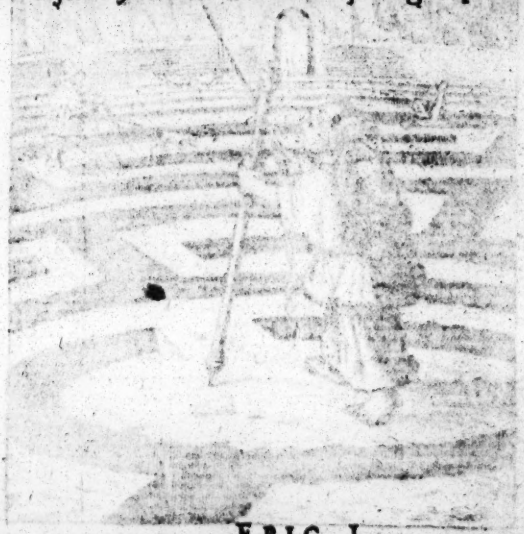
S. BERN.

S. Bern. Med. 9.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and inſtable heart; while it is led by its own judgement, and wanting Divine counſell cannot ſubſiſt in it ſelf, and whileſt it divers waies ſeeketh reſt, findeth none, but remaineth miſerable through labour, and void of peace: it agreeth not with it ſelf; it diſſenteth from it ſelf; it altereth reſolutions, changeth the judgement, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: It willeth and willeth not; and never remaineth in the ſame ſtate.

S. Auguſt. de verb. Apoſt.

When it would, it cannot; becauſe when it might, it would not: Therefore by an evil will man loſt his good power.



Epig. I.

My ſoul, how are thy thoughts diſturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt depending cauſe
Can nev'r expect one verdict 'twixt two Laws.

II.

Oh that my wayes were directed to keepe thy statutes. Psal. 119.5

II.

Psalm 119. 5.

O that my wayes were directed to keep thy Statutes!

1

THus I, the object of the worlds disdain,
With Pilgrime-pace surround the weary earth:
I onely relish what the world counts vain;
Her mirth 's my grief, her sullen grief my mirth;
Her light my darkness; and her truth my errour;
Her freedome is my jail; and her delight my terrour.

2

Fond earth! proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my prison and my home 's above;
My life 's a preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that seeks a doore, I walk about thee;
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

3

The world 's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuous wayes
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders:
No resting here; He 's hurried back that stayes
A thought; and he that goes unguided wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard 's the way from earth; so hard's the way to Heav'n.

4

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier;
Where if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redresse, and sinks without dimension.

Where

5

Where ſhall I ſeek a Guide? where ſhall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What truſty Lantern will direct my feet
To ſcape the danger of theſe dang'rous places?
What hopes have I to paſſe without a Guide?
Where one gets ſafely through, a thouſand fall beſide.

6

An unrequeſted Starre did gently ſlide
Before the Wiſe-men to a greater Light;
Back ſliding Iſr'el found a double Guide;
A Pillar, and a Cloud; by day, by night:
Yet in my deſp'rate dangers, which be farre
More great then theirs, I have nor Pillar, Cloud, nor Starre.

7

O that the pineons of a clipping Dove
Would cut my paſſage through the emptie Aire;
Mine eyes being ſeeld, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care!
My backward eyes ſhould nev'r commit that fault,
Whoſe laſting guilt ſhould build a monument of *Salt*.

8

Great God that art the flowing Spring of Light,
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent Ray:
Thou art my Path; direct my ſteps aright;
I have no other Light, no other Way:
I'll truſt my God, and him alone purſue;
His Law ſhall be my Path; his Heav'nly Light my Clue.

S. Augustᵉ

S. AUGUST Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O Lord, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkneſſe, errour, vanitie nor death: The Light, without which there is darkneſſe; The Way, without which there is wandering; The Truth, without which there is errour; The Life, without which there is death: Say, Lord, Let there be light, and I ſhall ſee Light, and eſchew darkneſſe; I ſhall ſee the Way, and avoid wandering; I ſhall ſee the Truth, and ſhun errour; I ſhall ſee Life, and eſcape death: Illuminate, O illuminate my blind ſoul, which ſitteth in darkneſſe, and the ſhaddow of death: and direct my feet in the way of peace.

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrime, trudge on: What makes thy ſoul complain
Crownes thy complaint. The way to reſt is pain:
The road to reſolution lies by doubt:
The next way home's the fartheſt way about.

III.

Stay my ſtepps in thy Pathes that my feet do not ſlide. Ps. 17. 5.

W. M. ſc.

III.

Psalm 17. 5.

Stay my ſteps in thy paths, that my feet do not ſlide.

1

When ere the old Exchange of profit rings
Her ſilver Saints-bell of uncertain gains,
My merchant ſoul can ſtretch both legs and wings;
How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
The charms of profit are ſo ſtrong, that I
Who wanted legs to goe find wings to flie.

2

If time-beguiling Pleaſure but advance
Her luſtfull trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my ſportfull ſoul can friſk and dance,
And hug that Siren in her twined arms!
The ſprightly voice of ſinew-ſtrengthning pleaſure
Can lend my bedrid ſoul both legs and leaſure.

3

If blazing honour chance to fill my veins
With flatt'ring warmth, and flaſh of Courtly fire,
My ſoul can take a pleaſure in her pains;
My lofty ſtrutting ſteps diſdain to tire;
My antick knees can turn upon the hinges
Of Complement, and skrue a thouſand cringes.

4

But when I come to Thee, my God, that art
The royall Mine of everlaſting treaſure,
The reall Honour of my better part,
And living Fountain of eternall pleaſure,
How nerveleſſe are my limbs! how faint and ſlow;
I have nor wings to flie, nor legs to goe.

So

5

So when the ſtreams of ſwift-foot Rhene convay
Her upland riches to the Belgick ſhore;
The idle veſſel ſlides the wat'rie lay,
without the blaſt, or tug, of wind, or oare;
Her ſlipp'ry keel divides the ſilver ſome
With eaſe; ſo facil is the way from home.

6

But when the home-bound veſſel turns her ſails
Againſt the breaſt of the reſiſting ſtream,
O then ſhe ſlugs; nor ſail, nor oare prevails;
The Stream is ſturdy, and her Tides extreme:
Each ſtroke is loſſe, and ev'ry tug is vain:
A Boat-lengths purchaſe is a League of pain.

7

Great All in All, that art my reſt, my home;
My way is tedious, and my ſteps are ſlow:
Reach forth thy helpfull hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to goe:
Conjoyn thy ſweet commands to my deſire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. Auguſt.

S. Augustr. Ser. 15. de Verb. Apoſt.

Be alwaies diſpleaſed at what thou art, if thou deſireſt to attain to what thou art not: For where thou haſt pleaſed thy ſelf, there thou abideſt. But if thou ſayeſt, I have enough, thou perisheſt: Alwaies adde, alwaies walk, alwaies proceed; neither ſtand ſtill, nor goe back, nor deviate: He that ſtandeth ſtill, proceedeth not; He goeth back, that continueth not; He deviateth, that revolteth: He goeth better that creepeth in his way, then he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my Soul, to loſe for want of cunning;
Weep not; Heav'n is not alwaies got by running:
Thy thoughts are ſwift, although thy legs be ſlow;
True love will creep, not having ſtrength to goe.

IV.

My flesh trembleth for feare of thee: & I am afraide of thy Iudgments. Ps: 119. 120.

W.M. Sculp:

IV.

Psalm 119. 120.

My fleſh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgements.

LEt others boaſt of luck, and goe their waies
With their fair game; know vengeance ſeldome playes
To be too forward, but doth wiſely frame
Her backward Tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed Tables are made fair,
That ſhe be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a neceſſary blot be ſet,
She hits thee; wins the Game; perchance the ſet:
If proſp'rous chances make thy caſting high,
Be wiſely temp'rate; caſt a ſerious eye
On after dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward ſeed-times make thy harveſt lame:
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances;
Be wiſely patient; let no envious glances
Repine to view thy gameſters heap ſo fair;
The hindmoſt Hound takes oft the doubling Hare.
The worlds great Dice are falſe; ſometimes they goe
Extremely high, ſometimes extremely low:
Of all her gameſters he that playes the leaſt
Lives moſt at eaſe, playes moſt ſecure and beſt:
The way to win, is to play fair, and ſwear
Thy ſelf a ſervant to the Crown of fear:

Fear is the Primmer of a Gamesters skill:
Who fears not Bad stands most unarm'd to Ill:
The Ill that 's wisely fear'd, is half withstood;
And fear of Bad is the best foyl to Good:
True Fear 's th' *Elixar*, which in daies of old
Turn'd leaden Crosses into Crowns of Gold:
The World 's the Tables; Stakes, Eternall life;
The Gamesters, Heav'n and I; Unequall strife!
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame
My indisposed Life: this Life 's the Game;
My sinnes are sev'rall Blots; the Lookers on
Are Angels; and in death the Game is done:
Lord, I'm a Bungler, and my Game doth grow
Still more and more unshap'd; my Dice run low:
The Stakes are great; my carelesse Blots are many;
And yet thou passest by, and hitst not any:
Thou art too strong; and I have none to guide me
With the least jog; the lookers on deride me:
It is a Conquest undeserving Thee,
To win a Stake from such a Worm as me:
I have no more to lose; If we persever,
'T is lost; and that once lost I'm lost for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe,
And I will play my Game with greater fear;
O give me Fear, ere Fear has past her date:
Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. Bern.

S. Bern. Ser. 54. in Cant.

There is nothing ſo effectuall to obtain Grace, to retain Grace, and to regain Grace, as alwayes to be found before God not overwiſe, but to fear: Happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three fears; a fear for received Grace, a greater fear for loſt Grace, a greateſt fear to recover Grace.

S. Auguſt. ſuper Pſalm.

Preſent fear begetteth Eternall ſecuritie: Fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

Epig. 4.

Lord, ſhall we grumble when thy flamesdo ſcourge us?
Our ſinnes breathe fire; that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an Alchymiſt art thou, whoſe skill
Tranſmutes to perfect Good from perfect ill!

V.

Turne away myne eyes least thay behold vanite. psal: 118.

V.

PSALM 119. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from regarding vanitie.

1

HOw like to threds of flax
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yielding wax
My soul dissolves before these wanton fires!
The fire, but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

2

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitfull fire!
And how th' eternall Law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good
Are all the laws of flesh and bloud!

3

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid agen
With griping int'rest of the next daies sorrow!
How wild his thoughts! How apt to range!
How apt to vary! Apt to change!

4

How intricate and nice
Is mans perplexed way to mans desire!
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progresse is extreme and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

5

The common food he doth
Sustain his soul-tormenting thoughts withall,
Is honey in his mouth
To night, and in his heart, to morrow, gall;
'T is oftentimes, within an houre,
Both very sweet and very sowre.

6

If sweet *Corinna* smile,
A Heav'n of joy breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frowns awhile?
Hels torments are but copies of his smart:
Within a lustfull heart doth dwell
A seeming Heav'n, a very Hell.

7

Thus worthlesse, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earths imployment?
Which ere they be enjoy'd
Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;
These be the pleasures that are priz'd
When Heav'ns cheap pen'worth stands despis'd.

8

Lord, quench these hastie flashes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
And ev'ry minute, dashes
Against the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, close the casement, whilst I stand
Behind the curtain of thy hand.

S. Augustt. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O thou Sun that illuminateth both Heaven and Earth! Wo be unto those eyes which do not behold thee: Wo be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee: Wo be unto those which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee: Wo be unto those that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. Chrys. sup. Matth. 19.

What is an evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an unavoidable pain, a necessary mischief, a naturall tentation, a desiderable calamity, a domestick danger, a delectable inconvenience and the nature of evil painted over with the colour of good.

Epig. 5.

'T is vain, great God, to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still:
My rambling heart must cov'nant first with thee,
Or none can passe betwixt mine eye and me.

VI.

If I haue found fauour in thy ſight, let my life be giuen mee at my petition. Eſter. 7. 3

VI.

ESTHER. 7. 3.

If I have found favour in thy ſight, and if it pleaſe the King, let my life be given me at my petition.

THou art the Great *Aſſuerus*, whoſe command
Doth ſtretch from Pole to Pole; the world 's thy land;
Rebellious *Vaſhti* 's the corrupted will
Which being call'd refuſes to fulfill
Thy juſt command: *Eſther*, whoſe tears condole
The razed City 's the regen'rate Soul;
A captive maid, whom thou Wilt pleaſe to grace
With nuptiall Honour in ſtout *Vashti*'s place:
Her kinſman, whoſe unbended knee did thwart
Proud *Hamans* glory, is the fleſhly part:
The ſober *Eunuch*, that recall'd to mind
The new built gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his own ruine) fifty cubits high,
Is luſtfull-thought-controlling chaſtity;
Inſulting *Haman* is that fleſhly luſt
Whoſe red-hot fury, for a ſeaſon, muſt
Triumph in pride, and ſtudy how to tread
On *Mordecay*, till royall *Eſther* plead.
Great King, my ſent-for *Vashti* will not come;
O let the oyl o'th bleſſed Virgins womb
Cleanſe my poor *Eſther*; look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy Beam of honour
So ſcoure her captive ſtains, that ſhe may prove
A holy Object of thy Heav'nly love:

Annonit

Annoint her with the Spiknard of thy graces,
Then try the ſweetneſſe of her chaſt embraces:
Make her the partner of thy nuptiall bed,
And ſet thy royall Crown upon her head:
If then ambitious *Haman* chance to ſpend
His ſpleen on *Mordecay*, that ſcorns to bend
The wilfull ſtiffneſſe of his ſtubborn knee,
Or baſely crouch to any Lord but thee;
If weeping *Eſther* ſhould preferre a grone
Before the high tribunal Throne,
Hold forth thy golden Sceptre, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord:
And let thy royall *Eſther* be poſſeſt
Of half thy Kingdome, at her dear requeſt:
Curb luſtfull *Haman*; him that would diſgrace,
Nay, raviſh thy fair Queen before thy face:
And as proud *Haman* was himſelf enſnar'd
On that ſelf gibbet, that himſelf prepar'd;
So nail my luſt, both puniſhment and guilt
On that dear croſſe that mine own luſts have built.

S. Augustr.

S AUGUST. in Ep.

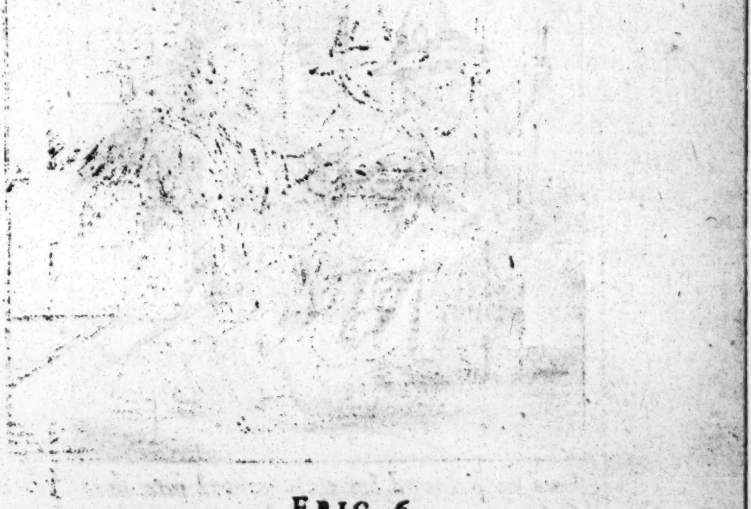
O holy ſpirit, alwaies inſpire me with holy works; Conſtraine me, that I may do: Counſel me, that I may love thee; Confirme me, that I may hold thee; Conſerve me, that I may not loſe thee.

S. AUGUST. ſup. Joan.

The ſpirit ruſts where the fleſh reſteth: For as the fleſh is nourished with ſweet things, the Spirit is refreshd with ſowre.

Ibidem.

Wouldeſt thou that thy fleſh obey thy ſpirit? Then let thy ſpirit obey thy God: Thou muſt be governed, that thou maiſt govern.



EPIG. 6.

Of Mercy and Juſtice is thy Kingdome built;
This plagues my ſin; and that removes my guilt:
When ere I ſue, *Aſſuerus* like decline
Thy Sceptre; Lord, ſay, Half my Kingdome 's thine.

VII.

Come my beloved, let vs goe forth into the fields, let vs remaine in ỹ villages. Cant. 7.

VII.

CANTICLES. 7. 11.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields, and let us remain in the villages.

1

Christ. *Soul.*

Chr. COme, come my dear, and let us both retire
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant fields:
Where warbling *Phil'mel* and the shrill mouth'd quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the Turtle builds
Her lonely nest; and where the new-born briyer
En. Breaths forth the sweetnesse that her Aprill yields:
Come, come my lovely fair, and let us trie
These rurall delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no slander by

2

Soul. My hearts eternall joy, in lieu of whom
The earth 's a blast, and all the world a bubble;
Our Citie-mansion is the fairest home;
But Countrey-sweets are tang'd with lesse trouble:
Let's try them both, and chuse the better; come;
A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double:
On thy Commands depends my goe, or tarrie;
I'll stirre with *Mariba*, or I'll stay with *Mary*:
Our hearts are firmly fixt, although our pleasures varie.

Chr.

3

Chr. Our Countrey-manſion (ſituate on high)
With various Objects, ſtill renews delight;
Her arched roof's of unſtain'd Ivory:
Her wall's of fiery-ſparkling Chryſolite;
Her pavement is of hardeſt Porphery;
Her ſpacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming Carbuncles; no need require;
Titans faint rayes, or *Vulcans* feeble fire;
And ev'ry Gate 's a Pearl; and ev'ry Pearl, entire.

4

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd
How falſely was my fond conceit poſſeſt!
I took it for an Hermitage, but pav'd
And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, & thacht at beſt;
Alas, I nev'r expected more, nor crav'd;
A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles neſt:
Come, come, my dear, and let no idle ſtay
Neglect th' advantage of the head-ſtrong day;
How pleaſure grates that feels the curb of dull delay!

5

Chr. Come then, my Joy; let our divided paces
Conduct us to our faireſt territory;
O there we'll twine our ſouls in ſweet embraces;
Soul. And in thine arms I 'll tell my paſſion-ſtory:
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;
Soul. And all thoſe graces ſhall reflect thy glory:
Chr. O there I 'll feed thee with celeſtiall *Manna*;
I 'll be thy *Elkanah*. *Soul.* And I thy *Hanna*.
Chr. I'll ſound my trump of joy. *So.* And I'll reſound *Hoſanna*.

S. Bern.

S. Bern.

O bleſſed Contemplation! The death of vices, and the life of virtues! Thee the Law and Prophets admire: Who ever attained perfection, if not by thee! O bleſſed Solitude, the Magazine of celeſtiall treaſure! by thee things earthly, and tranſitory, are changed into Heavenly, and Eternall.

S. Bern. in Ep.

Happy is that houſe, and bleſſed is that Congregation, where Martha *ſtill complaineth of* Mary.

Epig. 7.

Mechanick ſoul, thou muſt not onely do
With *Martha*; but, with *Mary*, ponder too:
Happy's that houſe where theſe fair ſiſters vary;
But moſt, when *Martha*'s reconcil'd to *Mary*.

VIII.

Draw me; we will run after thee because of the sauour of thy good ointments.

Cant. 1. 4. Will. Simpson. sculp.

VIII.

CANTICLES. 1. 3.

Draw me; we will follow after thee by the savour of thy good Ointments.

THus like a lump of the corrupted Masse,
I lie secure, long lost before I was:
And like a block, beneath whose burden lies
That undiscover'd worm that never dies,
I have no will to rouse, I have no power to rise.

Can stinking *Lazarus* compound or strive
With deaths entangling fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-buried *Axe* implore
A hand to raise it, or it self restore,
And from her sandy deeps approch the dry-foot shore?

So hard 's the task for sinfull flesh and bloud
To lend the smallest step to what is good.
My God, I cannot move the least degree.
Ah! If but onely those that active be,
None should thy glory see, none should thy glory see.

But if the Potter please t' inform the clay:
Or some strong hand remove the block away:
Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher;
That proves a vessel, which before was mire;
And this being hewn, may serve for better use then fire.

And if that life-reſtoring voice command
Dead *Laz'rus* forth; or that great *Prophets* hand
Should charm the ſullen waters, and begin
To becken, or to dart a ſtick but in,
Dead *Laz'rus* muſt revive, and th' *Axe* muſt float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To heare thy voyce, or echo to thy call;
The gloomy Clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
Thy glorious beams, nor dainty ſweets invite me;
They neither can direct; nor theſe at all delight me.

See how my ſin-bemangled body lies,
Nor having pow'r to will, nor will to riſe!
Shine home upon thy Creature, and inſpire
My liveleſſe will with thy regen'rate fire;
The firſt degree to do, is onely to deſire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do;
O raiſe me up, and I will ſtrive to goe:
Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twiſt,
That have no pow'r but merely to reſiſt;
O lend me ſtrength to do, and then command thy liſt.

My Soul's a Clock, whoſe wheels (for want of uſe
And winding up, being ſubject to th' abuſe
Of eating ruſt) wants vigour to fulfill
Her twelve houres task, and ſhew her makers skill,
But idly ſleeps unmov'd, and ſtandeth vainly ſtill.

Great God, it is thy work: and therefore good.
If thou be pleas'd to cleanſe it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy ſoul-moving keyes;
Her buſie wheels ſhall ſerve thee all her dayes;
Her hand ſhall point thy pow'r, her hammer ſtrike thy praiſe

S. BERN.

S. Bern. Serm. 21. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in the ſavour of thy Ointments, not in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatneſſe of our ſtrength: we truſt to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies, for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that ſheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: Thou like a Gyant, runneſt by thy own power; we, unleſſe thy Ointment breath upon us, cannot run.

Epig. 8.

Look not, my Watch, being once repair'd to ſtand
Expecting motion from thy Makers hand.
H'as wound thee up, and clens'd thy Cogs with blood:
If now thy wheels ſtand ſtill thou art not good.

IX.

O that thou wert as my Brother, that Sucked the Brests of my Mother. Cant: 8.

W. marshall fec.

IX.

CANTICLES 8. 1.

O that thou wert as my brother, that ſucked the breaſts of my mother; when I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſſe thee.

1

COme, come my bleſſed Infant, and immure thee
Within the Temple of my ſacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms ſhall then ſecure thee
From *Herods* fury, or the high-Prieſts harms:
Or if thy danger'd life ſuſtain a loſſe,
My folded arms ſhall turn thy dying croſſe.

2

But ah, what ſavage Tyrant can behold
The beauty of ſo ſweet a face as this is,
And not himſelf be by himſelf controul'd,
And change his fury to a thouſand kiſſes?
One ſmile of thine is worth more mines of treaſure
Then there be *Myriads* in the dayes of *Ceſar*.

3

O, had the *Tetrarch*, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy ſtock, he had not ſought to paddle
In thy dear bloud; but proſtrate on the earth
Had vaild his Crown before thy royall Cradle,
And laid the Scepter of his Glory down,
And begg'd a Heav'nly for an Earthly Crown.

4

Illuſtrious Babe! how is thy handmaid grac'd
With a rich armfull! how doſt thou decline
Thy Majeſty, that wert ſo late embrac'd
In thy great Fathers arms, and now in mine!
How humbly gracious art thou, to refreſh
Me with thy Spirit, and aſſume my fleſh.

5

But muſt the treaſon of a traitours *Hail*
Abuſe the ſweetneſſe of theſe ruby lips?
Shall marble-hearted cruelty aſſail
Theſe Alabaſter ſides with knotted whips?
And muſt theſe ſmiling Roſes entertain
The blows of ſcorn, and flurts of baſe diſdain?

6

Ah! muſt theſe dainty little ſprigs that twine
So faſt about my neck, be pierc'd and torn
With ragged nails? and muſt theſe brows reſigne
Their Crown of Glory for a crown of thorn?
Ah, muſt this bleſſed Infant taſt the pain
Of deaths injurious pangs? nay worſe, be ſlain?

7

Sweet Babe! At what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a ſinne! Lord, ev'ry ſin 's a dart;
And ev'ry treſpaſſe lets a javelin flie;
And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart:
Pardon, ſweet Babe, what I have done amiſſe;
And ſeal that granted pardon with a kiſſe.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Cap. 1.

O ſweet Ieſu, I knew not that thy kiſſes were ſo ſweet, nor thy ſociety ſo delectable, nor thy attraction ſo vertuous: For when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaſt; when I receive thee, I am a Virgin: O moſt ſweet Ieſu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanſe; thy attraction polluteth not, but ſanctifieth: O Ieſu, the Fountain of univerſall ſweetneſſe, pardon me, that I believed ſolate, that ſo much ſweetneſſe is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burden 's greateſt: Let not *Atlas* boaſt:
Impartiall Reader, judge which bears the moſt:
He bears but Heav'n; my folded arms ſuſtain
Heav'ns maker, whom Heav'ns Heav'n cannot contain.

X.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soule loueth; I sought him, but I found him not.
Cant: 3.1. *Will: Simpson. sculpsit.*

X.

CANTICLES 3. 1.

In my bed by night I ſought him that my ſoul loveth; I ſought him, but I found him not.

THe learned Cynick, having loſt the way
To honeſt men, did in the height of day,
By Taper-light, divide his ſteps about
The peopled ſtreets to find this dainty out;
But fail'd: The Cynick ſearch'd not where he ought:
The thing he ſought for was not where he ſought.
The Wiſe-mens taſk ſeem'd harder to be done,
The Wiſe-men did by Starre-light ſeek the Sunne,
And found: the Wiſe-men ſearch'd it where they ought;
The thing they hop'd to find was where they ſought.
One ſeeks his wiſhes where he ſhould; but then
Perchance he ſeeks not as he ſhould, nor when.
Another ſearches when he ſhould; but there
He fails; not ſeeking as he ſhould, nor where:
Whoſe ſoul deſires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, muſt ſeek Where, As, and When he ſhould.
How often have my wild affections led
My waſted ſoul to this my widdow'd bed,
To ſeek my Lover, whom my ſoul deſires!
(I ſpeak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying ſparks to mine;
My flames are full of Heav'n, and all Divine)
How often have I ſought this bed by night,
To find that greater by this leſſer light!

How

How oft have my unwitneſt grones lamented
Thy deareſt abſence! Ah how often vented
The bitter tempeſts of deſpairing breath,
And toſt my ſoul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of ſilent tears, (tears louder then a voice)
To plead my grief, and woo thy abſent eare!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not heare:
O is thy wonted love become ſo cold?
Or do mine eyes not ſeek thee where they ſhould!
Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where?
I ſee my errour; 'Tis not ſtrange I could not
Find out my love: I ſought him where I ſhould not.
Thou art not found in downy beds of eaſe;
Alas, thy muſick ſtrikes on harder keys;
Nor art thou found by that falſe, feeble light
Of Natures candle; Our Ægyptian night
Is more then common darkneſſe; nor can we
Expect a morning, but what breaks from thee,
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loſſe,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy ſhamefull croſſe:
If thou refuſe to ſhare a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll ſhare a croſſe with thee.

ANSELM

woll

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1.

Lord, if thou art not preſent, where ſhall I ſeek thee abſent? If every where, why do I not ſee thee preſent? Thou dwelleſt in light inacceſsible; and where is that inacceſsible light? Or how ſhall I have acceſſe to light inacceſsible? I beſeech thee, Lord, teach me to ſeek thee, and ſhew thy ſelf to the ſeeker; becauſe I can neither ſeek thee, unleſſe thou teach me, nor find thee, unleſſe thou ſhew thy ſelf to me: Let me ſeek thee, in deſiring thee, and deſire thee in ſeeking thee; Let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where ſhouldſt thou ſeek for reſt, but in thy bed?
But now thy reſt is gone, thy reſt is fled:
'T is vain to ſeek him there: My ſoul be wiſe;
Go ask thy ſinnes; they 'll tell thee where he lies.

XI.

I will rise now & goe about the citie in the Streetes & in the broad wayes I will seeke him whom my Soule loveth I sought him but I found him not. Cant: 3. 2: Will: Simpson

XI.

CANTICLES 3. 2.

I will rise, and goe about the City, and will seek him that my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

1

O How my disappointed soul's perplext!
How restlesse thoughts swarm in my troubled breast!
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crossely vext
With fears! and how betwixt them both distrest!
What place is left unransack'd? Oh, where next
Shall I goe seek the Authour of my rest?
Of what blest Angel shall my lips enquire
The undiscover'd way to that entire
And everlasting solace of my hearts desire?

2

Look how the stricken Hart that wounded flies
Ov'r hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the following Houndes;
At length, emboss, he droops, drops down and lies
Beneath the burden of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafned ears
Leave me th' unransom'd Prisner to my panick fears.

Where

3

Where have my buſie eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded?
I ſearch'd this glorious City; he's not here:
I ſought the Country; ſhe ſtands empty handed;
I ſearch'd the Court; he is a ſtranger there:
I ask'd the land; he's ſhipp'd: the ſea, he's landed:
I climb'd the air, my thoughts began t' aſpire;
But ah! the wings of my too bold deſire,
Soaring too near the Sunne, were ſing'd with ſacred fire.

4

I mov'd the Merchants care; alas but he
Knew neither what I ſaid, nor what to ſay:
I ask'd the Lawyer; he demans a fee,
And then demurrs me with a vain delay:
I ask'd the Schoolman; his advice was free,
But ſcor'd me out too intricate a way:
I ask'd the Watch-man (beſt of all the foure)
Whoſe gentle anſwer could reſolve no more,
But that he lately left him at the Temple doore.

5

Thus having ſought, and made my great inqueſt
In ev'ry place, and ſearch'd in ev'ry ear:
I threw me on my bed; but ah! my reſt
Was poyſon'd with th' extremes of grief and fear,
Where looking down into my troubled breaſt,
The Magazine of wounds, I found him there:
Let others hunt, and ſhew their ſportfull Art;
I wiſh to catch the Hare before ſhe ſtart,
As Potchers uſe to do; Heav'ns form 's a troubled heart.

S. Ambros.

S. Ambros. lib. 3. de Virg.

Chriſt is not in the market, not in the ſtreets: For Chriſt is Peace, in the market are ſtriſes: Chriſt is Iuſtice, in the market is iniquity: Chriſt is a Labourer, in the market is idleneſſe: Chriſt is Charity, in the market is ſlander: Chriſt is Faith, in the market is fraud: Let us not therefore ſeek Chriſt, where we cannot find Chriſt.

S Hieron. Ep. 22. ad Euſtoch.

Ieſus is jealous: He will not have thy face ſeen: Let ſoolish Virgins ramble abroad, ſeek thou thy Love at home.

Epig. 11.

What loſt thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? Not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the Ship that moves, and not the Coaſt;
I fear, I fear, my ſoul, 'tis thou art loſt.

XII.

Saw yee him whom my Soule loveth? It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my Soule loveth, I held Him and would not let him goe. Cant: 3. 4. Will: Sim: Schlp.

XII.

CANTICLES 3. 3.

Have you seen him whom my soul loveth? When I had past a little from them, then I found him, I took hold on him, & left him not.

1

WHat secret corner? what unwonted way
Has scap'd the ransack of my rambling thought?
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owl by day,
Have never search'd those places I have sought,
Whilst thy lamented absence taught my breast
The ready road to grief, without request;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.

2

How hath my unregarded language vented
The sad tautologies of lavish passion?
How often have I languish'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd without compassion!
I ask't the Citie-watch, but some deny'd me;
The common street, whilst others would misguide me,
Some would debar me; some, divert me; some, deride me.

3

Mark how the widow'd Turtle, having lost
The faithfull partner of her loyall heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,
Haunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry shade doth part
Her absent Love, and her; at length unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlasting widow-head:

4

So when my ſoul had progreſt ev'ry place,
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, reſolv'd t' embrace
A death for him, in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hymen did preſent
His lanskip joyes; my pickled eyes did vent
Full ſtreams of briny tears, tears never to be ſpent.

5

Whilſt thus my ſorrow-waſting ſoul was feeding
Upon the rad'call humour of her thought,
Ev'n whilſt mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,
He that was ſought, unfound, was found unſought.
As if the Sun ſhould dart his orbe of light
Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd night:
Ev'n ſo appear'd my Love, my ſole, my ſouls delight.

6

O how mine eyes now raviſh'd at the ſight
Of my bright Sun ſhot flames of equall fire!
Ah! how my ſoul diſſolv'd with ov'r-delight,
To re-enjoy the Crown of chaſt deſire!
How ſov'reigne joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſt
Rebellious grief! And how my raviſh'd breaſt-----
But who can preſſe thoſe heights, that cannot be expreſt?

7

O how theſe arms, theſe greedy arms did twine,
And ſtrongly twiſt about his yielding waſt!
The ſappy branches of the Theſpian Vine
Nev'r cling'd their leſſe beloved Elm ſo faſt;
Boaſt not thy flames, blind boy, nor feather'd ſhot;
Let Hymens eaſie ſnarles be quite forgot:
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our knot.

ORIG. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

O moſt holy Lord, and ſweeteſt Maſter, how good art thou to thoſe that are of upright heart, and humble ſpirit! O how bleſſed are they that ſeek thee with a ſimple heart! How happy that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee: For behold thy Love ſimply ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She truſted in thee, and is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, then ſhe expected from thee.

BEDA in cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I ſought, the more earneſtly I held him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What? found him out? let ſtrong embraces bind him;
He'll flie perchance where tears can never find him.
New ſinnes will loſe what old repentance gains:
Wiſedome not onely gets, but got retains.

XIII.

It is good for me to draw neare to yᵉ Lord.
I haue put my trust in yᵉ Lord God.
Ps: 73. 28. *Will Simpson Sculpsit*

XIII.

PSALM 72. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God; I have put my trust in the Lord God.

WHere is that Good, which wise-men please to call
The chiefest? Doth there any such befall
Within mans reach? Or is there such a Good at all?

If such there be, it neither must expire,
Nor change; then which there can be nothing higher:
Such Good must be the utter point of mans desire.

It is the Mark, to which all hearts must tend;
Can be desired for no other end,
Then for it self, which all other goods depend.

What may this Excellent be? doth it subsist
A reall Essence, clouded in the midst
Of curious Art, or clear to ev'ry eye that list?

Or is't a tart Idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the practick soul in ure,
Like that dear Chymick dust, or puzzling Quadrature?

Where shall I seek this? where shall I find
This Cath'lick pleasure, whose extreams may bind
My thoughts, and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?

Lies it in Treasure? In full heaps untold?
Doth gowty *Mammons* griping hand infold
This secret Saint in sacred shrines of sov'reigne gold?

No, no; ſhe lies not there; wealth often ſowrs
In keeping; makes us hers; in ſeeming ours;
She ſlides from Heav'n indeed, but not in *Danae's* ſhowrs.

Lives ſhe in honour? no. The royall Crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raiſe thee with a ſmile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleaſure? no. Pleaſure begins in rage;
Acts the fools part on earths uncertain ſtage;
Begins the Play in youth, and Epilogues in age.

Theſe, theſe are baſtard-goods; the beſt of theſe
Torment the ſoul with pleaſing it, and pleaſe,
Like water gulp'd in fevers, with deceitfull eaſe.

Earths flatt'ring dainties are but ſweet diſtreſſes:
Mole-hills perform the mountains ſhe profeſſes;
Alas, can earth confer more good then earth poſſeſſes?

Mount, mount my ſoul, and let thy thoughts caſhier
Earths vain delights, and make their full carier
At Heav'ns eternall joyes; ſtop, ſtop thy Courſer there.

There ſhall thy ſoul poſſeſſe uncarefull treaſure;
There ſhalt thou ſwim in never-fading pleaſure;
And blaze in honour farre above the frowns of *Cæſar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefeſt Good, no need to call
For earths inferiour traſh; Thou, thou art All in All.

S. Augustᵗ.

S. Augustr. Soliloqu. cap. 13.

I follow this thing: I pursue that: but am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and onely good, in my self, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possest, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. Bern. Ser. 9. sup. beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit: let him brag of the burden of the day; let him boast of his Sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.

Epig. 13.

Let *Boreas* blasts, and *Neptunes* waves be joyn'd,
Thy *Eolus* commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the rocks or worlds imperious waves;
Thou climbst a rock (my soul) a rock that saves.

XIV.

I sat under the shadow of him whom I have desired. Cant: 2.

XIV.

CANTICLES 2. 3.

I ſat under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſt.

I

LOok how the ſheep, whoſe rambling ſteps do ſtray
From the ſafe bleſſing of her Shepherds eyes
Eſtſoon, becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd ſquadron of beleaguring flies;
Where ſwelter'd with the ſcorching beams of day,
She friſks from buſh to brake, and wildly flies
From her own ſelf, ev'n of her ſelf afraid:
She ſhrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the ſoft removing ſhade.

2

Ev'n ſo my wand'ring Soul, that hath digreſt
From her great Shepherd, is the hourely prey
Of all my ſinnes. Theſe vultures in my breaſt
Gripe my Promethean heart both night and day:
I hunt from place to place, but find no reſt;
I know not where to goe, nor where to ſtay:
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My ſwelt'ring ſoul: My ſoul hath oft affaid,
But ſhe can find no ſhrowd, but ſhe can feel no ſhade.

3

I ſought the ſhades of Mirth, to wear away
My ſlow-pac'd hours of ſoul-conſuming grief;
I ſearch'd the ſhades of ſleep, to eaſe my day
Of griping ſorrows with a nights reprief;
I ſought the ſhades of death; thought there t'allay
My finall torments with a full relief:
But mirth, nor ſleep, nor death can hide my houres
In the falſe ſhades of their deceitfull bowrs;
The firſt diſtracts, the next diſturbs, the laſt devours.

4

Where ſhall I turn? To whom ſhall I apply me?
Are there no ſtreams where a faint ſoul may wade?
Thy Godhead, JESUS, are the flames that fry me;
Hath thy All-glorious Deity never a ſhade,
Where I may ſit and vengeance never eye me,
Where I might ſit refreſht or unaffraid?
Is there no comfort? is there no refection?
Is there no cover that will give protection
T'a fainting ſoul, the ſubject of thy wraths reflexion?

5

Look up, my ſoul, advance the lowly ſtature
Of thy ſad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here's a ſhadow found: The humane nature
Is made the Umbella to the Deity.
To catch the Sun-Beams of thy juſt Creatour;
Beneath this covert thou maiſt ſafely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climbe this fruitfull tree,
As quick *Zacheus* did, and thou ſhalt ſee
A cloud of dying fleſh betwixt thoſe beams and thee.

GUILL.

GUILL. in cap. 2. Cant.

Who can indure the fierce rayes of the Sunne of Iuſtice? Who ſhall not be conſumed by his beams? Therefore the Sunne of Iuſtice took flesh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this humane body a ſhadow may be made.

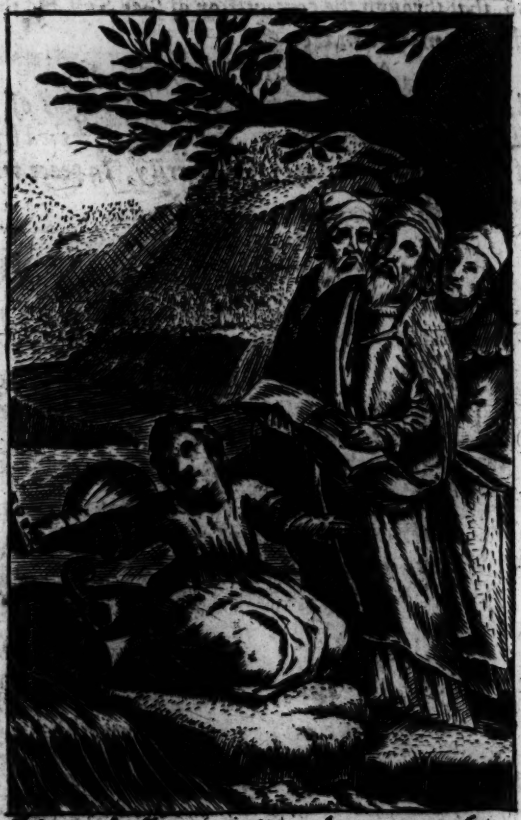
S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

Lord, let my ſoul flee from the ſcorching thoughts of the world under the covert of thy wings, that being refreshed by the moderation of thy ſhadow, ſhe may ſing merrily, In peace will I lay me down and reſt.

EPIG. 14.

Ah, treach'rous ſoul, would not thy pleaſures give
That Lord which made thee living leave to live?
See what thy ſinnes have done: thy ſinnes have made
The Sunne of Glory now become thy ſhade.

XV.



How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strang Land &c. Psal.

XV.

Psalm 137. 4.

How ſhall we ſing a ſong of the Lord in a ſtrange land?

URge me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: theſe times are not for ſongs.
The ſprightly twang of the melodious Lute
Agrees not with my voice; and both unſuit
My untun'd fortunes: the affected meaſure
Of ſtrains that are conſtrain'd afford no pleaſure.
Muſick's the Child of mirth; where griefs aſſail
The troubled ſoul, both voice and fingers fail:
Let ſuch as ravil out there laviſh dayes
In honourable riot; that can raiſe
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a ſprite
Of madneſſe by the Magick of delight;
Let thoſe of *Cupids* hoſpitall, that lie
Impatient Patients to a ſmiling eye,
That cannot reſt, untill vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torments with a wanton ſmile;
Let ſuch redeem their peace, and ſalve the wrongs
Of froward Fortune with their frolick ſongs:
My grief, my grief's too great for ſmiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorcize.
The Ravens diſmall croaks; the midnight howls
Of empty Wolues, mixt with the ſcreech of Owls;
The nine ſad knowls of a dull paſſing Bell,
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And

And horrid out-cries of revenged crimes,
Joyn'd in a medley's musick for these times;
These are no times to touch the merry string
Of *Orpheus*; no, these are no times to sing.
Can hide-bound Prisners, that have spent their souls
And famish'd bodies in the noysome holes
Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes?
Can the sad Pilgrime, that hath lost his way
In the vast desart; there condemn'd a prey
To the wild subject, or his savage King,
Rouze up his palsey smitten spir'ts, and sing?
Can I a Pilgrime, and a Prisner too,
(Alas) where I am neither known, nor know
Ought but my torments, an unransom'd stranger
In this strange climate, in a land of danger?
O, can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,
Thus made a Prisner to a forrein land?
How can my musick relish in your ears,
That cannot speak for sobs, nor sing for tears?
Ah, if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unspell
My poore *Eurydice*, my soul from hell
Of earths misconstru'd Heav'n, O then my breast
Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast
The ears of Seraphims, and entertain
Heav'ns highest Deity with their lofty strain,
A strain well drencht in the true Thespian Well,
Till then; earths Semiquaver, mirth, farewell.

S. Augustt.

S. Augustt. Med. cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those Heavenly virtues which are able to praise thee in holinesse and puritie, with excessive sweetnesse and inutterable exultation! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoyce, because they continually see for what they rejoyce, for what they praise thee: But we prest down with this burden of flesh, farre removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: We praise thee by faith; not face to face: but those Angelicall spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

Epig. 15.

Did I refuse to sing? said I these times
Were not for songs? nor músick for these climes?
It was my errour: are not grones and tears
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighties ears?

XVI.

I charge you o ye daughters of Ierusalem if ye finde my beloved that you tell him, y^t I am sicke of loue. Cant: v. 8.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

I.

CANTICLES 5. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Ieruſalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am ſick of love.

1

YOu holy Virgins, that ſo oft ſurround
The cities Saphire walls, whoſe ſnowy feet
Meaſure the pearly paths of ſacred ground,
And trace the new Ieruſ'lems Iaſper ſtreet;
Ah, you whoſe care-forſaken hearts are crown'd
With your beſt wiſhes; that enjoy the ſweet
Of all your hopes; If e're you chance to ſpie
My abſent Love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his eye

2

I charge you, Virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly muſick of your Lovers voice;
I charge you by the ſolemne faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyall choice
Of your affections, or, if ought more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joyes,
I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye hath pierc'd my bleeding heart;
And I am ſick of love, and languiſh in my ſmart.

3

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breaſt
Is ſcorch'd with flames, and how my ſoul is pin'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppreſt
With the full torments of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jeſt,
But I in earneſt; tell him he 's unkind:
But if a diſcontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accoaſt his ears
With ſoft and fewer words, and act the reſt in tears.

4

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My ſoul of peace, while peace in vain ſhe ſeeks;
Tell him thoſe damask roſes, that did ſtrive
With white, both fade, upon my ſallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and ſighs, and ſobs, and ſudden ſhrieks;
Thus if your piercing words ſhould chance to bore
His hearkning ear, and move a ſigh, give ore
To ſpeak; and tell him--Tell him, that I could no more.

5

If your elegious breath ſhould hap to rouze
A happy tear, cloſe harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the ſacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torments of his loyall ſpouſe,
That for his ſake would make a ſport to die:
O bleſſed Virgins, how my paſſion tires
Beneath the burden of her fond deſires!
Heav'n never ſhot ſuch flames, earth never felt ſuch fires!

S. Augustr.

S. AUGUST. Med cap. 40.

What ſhall I ſay? What ſhall I do? Whither ſhall I goe? Where ſhall I ſeek him? Or when ſhall I find him? Whom ſhall I ask? Who will tell my beloved that I am ſick of Love?

GULIEL. in Cap. 5. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I love my ſelf, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved that loveth me: I love not my ſelf in my ſelf, but my ſelf in him, and him in me.

EPIG. 1.

Grieve not (my ſoul) nor let thy love wax faint;
Weep'ſt thou to loſe the cauſe of thy complaint?
He 'll come; Love ne'r was bound to times nor laws:
Till then thy tears complain without a cauſe.

II.

Stay me with Flowers, Comfort mee with Apples, for I am sick of love Cant. 2. 5.

II.

CANTICLES 2. 5.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples, for I am ſick with love.

1

O Tyrant love! how doth thy ſov'reigne pow'r
Subject poor ſouls to thy imperious thrall!
They ſay thy cup's compos'd of ſweet and ſowre;
They ſay, thy diet 's honey mixt with gall;
How comes it then to paſſe, theſe lips of our
Still trade in bitter; taſt no ſweet at all?
O tyrant love! Shall our perpetuall toil
Ne'r find a Sabbath, to refreſh a while
Our drooping ſouls? Art thou all frowns, and ne'r a ſmile?

2

You bleſſed Maids of honour that frequent
The royall courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs reſtore my ſpirits faint and ſpent;
O fetch me apples from Loves fruitfull grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my ſent,
For I am ſick, for I am ſick of love:
Theſe will revive my dry, my waſted pow'rs,
And they will ſweeten my unſav'ry houres;
Refreſh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'rs.

3

O bring me apples to asswage that fire,
Which Ætna-like inflames my flaming breast;
Nor is it every apple I desire,
Nor that which pleases every palate best:
'T is not the lasting Deuzan I require,
Nor yet the red-cheek'd Queening I request;
Nor that which first beshrew'd the name of wife,
Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife;
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye
With the fair wealth of *Floras* Magazine;
The purple violet, and the pale-fac'd lilly;
The pancy and the organ colombine;
The flowring thyme, the guilt-boul daffadilly;
The lowly pink, the lofty eglentine:
The blushing rose, the queen of flowers, and best
Of *Floras* beauty; but above the rest,
Let *Jesses* sovereigne flower perfume my qualming breast.

5

Haste, Virgins, haste, for I lie weak and faint,
Beneath the pangs of love; why stand ye mute,
As if your silence neither car'd to grant;
Nor yet your language to deny my suit?
No key can lock the doore of my complaint,
Untill I smell this flower, or tast that fruit;
Goe, Virgins, seek this tree, and search that bow'r;
O, how my soul shall blesse that happy houre,
That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a flower.

GISTEN.

GISTEN. in cap. 2. Cant. Expoſ. 3.

O happy ſickneſſe, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that procedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoul reliſheth no earthly things, but onely ſavoureth divine nouriſhment!

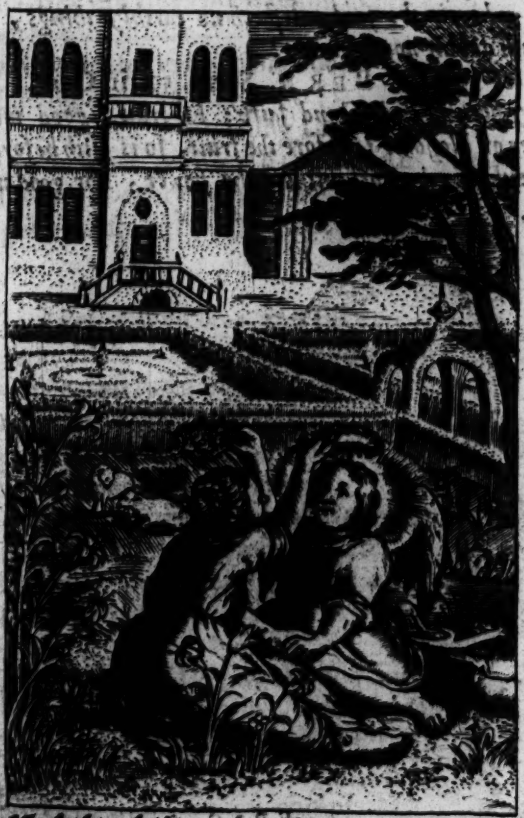
S. BERN. Serm. 51. in Cant.

By flowers underſtand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or bloſſome is before the fruit, ſo is faith before good works: So neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my ſoul? Can they remove
The pangs of grief, or eaſe the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the firſt offence;
That ſent him hither; that remov'd him hence.

III.



My beloued is mine and I am his, hee feedeth among the Lillies. Cant. 2. 16.

III.

CANTICLES 2. 16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the lillies.

1

EV'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoyn:
So I my best-beloveds am? so he is mine.

2

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joyn'd; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm united souls did more then twine;
So I my best-beloveds am; so he is mine.

3

If all those glitt'ring Monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nay

4

Nay more; if the fair Theſpian Ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treaſure;
That treaſure ſhould be deem'd a price too ſmall
To buy a minutes leaſe of half my pleaſure
'T is not the ſacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his, from being mine.

5

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My leaſt deſires unto the leaſt remove;
He 's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;
He 's mine by faith; and I am his by love;
He 's mine by water; I am his by wine;
Thus I my beſt-beloveds am; thus he is mine.

6

He is my Altar; I, his holy Place;
I am his gueſt; and he, my living food;
I 'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;
I 'm his by purchaſe; he is mine by bloud;
He 's my ſupporting elm; and I his vine:
Thus I my beſt-beloveds am; thus he is mine.

7

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows:
I give him ſongs; he gives me length of dayes:
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows:
And I his Temples with a crown of Praiſe,
Which he accepts as an ey'rlaſting ſigne,
That I my beſt beloveds am; that he is mine.

S. Augustt Manu. cap. 24.

O my ſoul ſtampt with the image of thy God, love him of whom thou art ſo much beloved: bend to him that boweth to thee, ſeek him that ſeeketh thee: Love thy lover, by whoſe love thou art prevented, being the cauſe of thy love: Be carefull with thoſe that are carefull, want with thoſe that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: chooſe this friend above all friends, who when all are taken away remaineth onely faithfull to thee: In the day of thy buriall, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions prepared for their prey.

Epig. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my ſoul: What? loſt and found?
Welcom'd eſpous'd, enjoy'd ſo ſoon, and crown'd!
He did but climbe the Croſſe, and then came down
To th' gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a Crown.

IV.

I am my beloveds, & his Desire is towards mee. Cant: 7. 10. W: Simpson fc:

IV.

CANTICLES. 7. 10.

I am my Beloveds, and his desire is towards me.

1

LIke to the Artick needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetick pow'r,
And leaves his silken Gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted houre,
First franticks up and down, from side to side,
And restlesse beats his crystall'd Iv'ry case,
With vain impatience; jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosome of his frozen bride,
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright Poles beloved brest.

2

Ev'n so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loaths at night:
She bows to honour; then she lends an eare
To that sweet swanlike voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now foyl'd with fear:
Thus finding all the worlds delights to be
But empty toyes, good God, she points alone to thee.

But

3

But hath the virtued ſteell a power to move?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright;
Or can my wandring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of thy ſpirit?
O hath my leaden ſoul the art to improve
Her waſted talent, and unrais'd, aſpire
In this ſad moulting time of her deſire?
Not firſt belov'd have I the power to love?
I cannot ſtirre, but as thou pleaſe to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, untill thou love me.

4

The ſtill Commandreſſe of the ſilent night
Borrows her beams from her bright brothers eye;
His fair aſpect filles her ſharp hornes with light,
If he withdarw, her flames are quench'd and die:
Even ſo the beams of thy enlightning ſpirit
Infus'd and ſhot into my dark deſire,
Inflame my thoughts and fill my ſoul with fire,
That I am raviſht with a new delight;
But if thou ſhroud thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a *Nothing*, all compos'd of ſhades.

5

Eternall God, O thou that onely art
The ſacred Fountain of eternall light,
And bleſſed Load-ſtone of my better part,
O thou my hearts deſire, my ſouls delight,
Reflect upon my ſoul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart ſhall prize no good above thee;
And then my ſoul ſhall know thee; knowing, love thee;
And then my trembling thoughts ſhall never ſtart
From thy commands, or ſwerve the leaſt degree,
Or once preſume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. Augus t.

S. Augustr. Med. Cap. 25.

If Man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can scarce brook the others absence? if a bride can be joyned to her bride-groom with so great an ardency of mind, that for the extremitie of love she can enjoy no rest, not suffering his absence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the soul whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love thee her true God and glorious bride-groom?

Epig. 4.

My soul, thy love is dear: 'Twas thought a good
And easie pen'worth of thy Saviours bloud:
But be not proud; All matters rightly scann'd,
'Twas over-bought: 'Twas sold at second hand.

V.

My Soule melted, when my beloved spake. Cant: 5. 6.

Will: Simpson Sculp:

V.

CANTICLES 5. 6.

My Soul melted whilſt my Beloved ſpake.

LOrd, has the feeble voice of fleſh and bloud
The pow'r to work thine ears into a floud
Of melted mercy? or the ſtrength t'unlock
The gates of Heav'n, and to diſſolve a rock
Of marble clouds into a morning ſhow'r?
Or hath the breath of whining duſt the pow'r
To ſtop, or ſnatch a falling thunder-bolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From reſolute confuſion, and in ſtead
Of vials pour full bleſſings on our head?
Or ſhall the wants of famiſht ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick ſupply?
Or ſhall the ſilent ſuits of drooping flow'rs
Woo thee for drops, and be refreſh'd with ſhow'rs?
Alas, what marvel then, great God, what wonder
If thy hell-rouzing voice, that ſplits in ſunder
The brazen portalls of eternall death;
What wonder if that life-reſtoring breath
Which dragg'd me from th' infernall ſhades of night,
Should melt my raviſht ſoul with ore-delight?
O can my frozen gutters chooſe but run,
That feel the warmth of ſuch a glorious Sun?
Me thinks his language, like a flaming arrow,
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow;

Thy flames, O *Cupid* (though the joyfull heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the ſmart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full deſires)
Are torments weigh'd with theſe celeſtiall fires;
Pleaſures that raviſh in ſo high a meaſure,
That O I languiſh in exceſſe of pleaſure:
What raviſht heart, that feels theſe melting joyes,
Would not deſpiſe and loath the treacherous toyes
Of dunghill earth? what ſoul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd ſcorns, the worſt that fleſh and bloud
Had rancour to deviſe? Who would not bear
The worlds deriſion with a thankfull eare?
What palat would refuſe full bowls of ſpight,
To gain a minutes taſt of ſuch delight?
Great ſpring of light, in whom there is no ſhade
But what my interpoſed ſinnes have made,
Whoſe marrow-melting fires admit no ſcreen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames, and my obdurate eare?
Diſperſe theſe plague-diſtilling clouds, and clear
My mungy ſoul into a glorious day;
Tranſplant this ſcreen, remove this barre away,
Then, then my fluent ſoul ſhall feel the fires
Of thy ſweet voice, and my diſſolv'd deſires
Shall turn a ſov'reigne balſame, to make whole
Thoſe wounds my ſinnes inflicted on thy ſoul,

S. Augvst.

S. Augvst. Soliloq. cap. 34.

What fire is this that ſo warmeth my heart! What light is this that ſo enlightneth my ſoul! O fire, that alwaies burneth, and never goeſt out, kindle me: O light, which ever ſhineſt, and art never darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee, moſt holy fire! How ſweetly doſt thou burn! How ſecretly doſt thou ſhine! How deſiderably doſt thou inflame me!

Bonavent. Stim. amoris cap. 8.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporall, eternall; mortall, immortall; it maketh an enemy a friend; a ſervant, a ſonne; vile things, glorious; cold hearts fiery, and hard things liquid.

Epig. 5.

My ſoul, thy gold is true, but full of droſſe;
Thy Saviours breath refines thee with ſome loſſe:
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou muſt be melted, ere th' art caſt anew.

VI.

Whom haue I in heaven but thee; & what desire I on earth in respect of thee. Ps: 73.

W. S. sc:

VI.

Psalm 73. 25.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and what desire I on earth in respect of thee?

1

I Love (and have some cause to love) the earth:
She is my Makers creature; therefore good:
She is my Mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender Nurse; she gives me food:
But what's a Creature, Lord, compar'd with thee?
Or what's my Mother, or my Nurse to me?

2

I love the Aire: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd quire sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the Aire or all the sweets that she
Can blesse my soul withall, compar'd to thee?

3

I love the Sea: She is my fellow creature;
My carefull purveyer; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a forrein shore:
But Lord of oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth to me,

4

To heav'ns high citie I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplations great atturney,
Transcends the crystall pavement of the skie:
But what is Heav'n great God, compar'd to thee?
Without thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

5

Without thy presence Earth gives no refection?
Without thy presence Sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence Air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence Heav'n it self's no pleasure:
If not possest if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heav'n to me?

6

The highest Honours that the world can boast
Are subjects farre too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly Glow-worms, if compar'd to thee.

7

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares;
Wisdome, but folly; Joy, disquiet sadnesse;
Friendship is treason, and Delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and Mirth but pleasing madnesse:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compar'd with thee.

8

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor Sea, nor Land; nor would I be
Possest of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossest of thee.

BONAVENT. cap. 1. Soliloq.

Alas, my God, now I understand (but blush to confesse) that the beautie of thy Creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable then all thy Creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beautie: For who hath adorned the Heavens with starres? Who hath stored the air with foul, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers? But what are all these but a small spark of Divine beauty.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ; Having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universall reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who woul'd not throw his better thoughts about him,
And scorn this drosse within him; that, without him?
Cast up (my soul) thy clearer eye; Behold.
If thou be fully melted, there's the mold.

VII.

Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech: and to have my habitation among the tents of Cedar: Psal: 120: 4:

VII.

Psalm 120. 5.

Woe is to me, that I remain in Meshech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

IS Natures course dissolv'd? doth Times glasse stand?
Or hath some frolick heart set back the hand
Of Fates perpetuall Clock? will 't never strike?
Is crazy Time grown lazy, faint or sick
With very Age? or hath that great Pair royall
Of Adamantine sisters late made triall
Of some new trade? shall mortall hearts grow old
In sorrow? shall my weary arms infold
And underprop my panting sides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will sever
My well-spun thred, that my impriſon'd soul
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
Of dungeon flesh? O shall I, shall I never
Be ransom'd, but remain a slave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die,
But ere that death how many deaths have I?
What humane madnesse makes the world affraid
To entertain heavens joy, because convey'd
By th' hand of death? will nakednesse refuse
Rich change of robes, because the man's not spruse
That brought them? or will povertie send back
Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torments of a thousand deaths;

Which

Which, being prickt by death (while death deprives
One life) presents the soul a thousand lives:
O frantick mortall, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy Bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights! Delights that cease
Before enjoymens finds a time to please:
Her fickle joyes breed doubtfull fears; her fears
Bring hopefull griefs; her griefs weep fearfull tears!
Tears coyn deceitfull hopes; hopes, carefull doubt,
And surly passion justles passion out:
To day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth; at night we weep as fast:
To night we swim in wealth, and lend; to morrow,
We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow.
In what a climate doth my soul reside!
Where pale fac'd murder, the first born of pride,
Sets up her kingdome in the very smiles,
And plighted faiths of men like Crocodiles;
A land, where each embroyd'red sattin word
Is lin'd with fraud; where *Mars* his lawlesse sword
Exiles *Astræas* balance; where that hand
Now slayes his brother, that new sowd his land;
O that my days of bondage would expire
In this lewd soyl! Lord, how my soul 's on fire
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
These long'd for joyes, long'd for so oft in vain!
If *Moses* like I may not live possest
Of this fair land; Lord, let me see 't at least.

S. Augustr.

S. Augvst. Soliloq. cap. 12.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth: The farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitfull life, and like a shadow, full of the snares of death: Now I rejoyce, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I liue, and straight I die; now I seem happy, alwaies miserable; now I laugh, now I weep: Thus all things are subject to mutabilitie, that nothing continueth an houre in one state: O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?

Epig. 7.

Art thou so weak? O canst thou not digest
An houre of travel for a night of rest?
Chear up, my soul; call home thy spirits, and beat
One bad good-friday; full mouth'd Easter's neat.

VIII.

O wretched Man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death Rom: 7. 24.

VIII.

ROMANES 7. 24.

O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

BEhold thy darling, which thy lustfull care
Pampers; for which thy restlesse thoughts prepare
Such early cates; for whom thy bubbling brow
So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do ow
Such midnight scores to nature, for whose sake
Base earth is sainted, the infernall lake
Unfeard, the Crown of glory poorely rated,
Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated:
Behold thy darling, whom thy soul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds:
Behold thy darling, whom thy fondnesse feeds
With farre-fetcht delicates, the dear bought gains
Of ill-spent time, the price of half thy pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakednesse; and when most free,
Proclaims her lover slave; and being fed
Most full, then strikes th'indulgent feeder dead.
What meanst thou thus, my poor deluded soul,
To love so fondly? Can the burning cole
Of thy affection last without the fuel
Of counter-love? Is thy compeer so cruell,
And thou so kind, to love unlov'd again?
Canst thou sow favours, and thus reap disdain?

Remember;

Remember, O remember, thou art born
Of royall bloud; remember thou art ſworn
A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heaven;
Remember what a coſtly price was given
To ranſome thee from ſlav'ry thou wert in;
And wilt thou now, my ſoul, turn ſlave again?
The Son and Heir to Heav'ns Triune IEHOVE
Would fain become a ſuiter for thy love,
And offers for thy dow'r his fathers Throne,
To ſit for Seraphims to gaze upon;
He'll give thee Honour, Pleaſure, Wealth, and Things
Tranſcending farre the Majeſty of Kings:
And wilt thou proſtrate to the odious charms
Of this baſe ſcullion? ſhall his hollow arms
Hugg thy ſoft ſides? ſhall theſe courſe hands untie
The ſacred Zone of thy virginitie?
For ſhame, degen'rous ſoul, let thy deſire
Be quickned up with more heroick fire;
Be wiſely proud, let thy ambitious eye
Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts defie
Such am'rous baſeneſſe; let thy ſoul diſdain
Th' ignoble profers of ſo baſe a ſwain;
Or if thy vows be paſt, and Hymens bands
Have ceremonied your unequall hands,
Annull, at leaſt avoid, thy lawleſſe act
With inſufficiencie, or a precontract:
Or if the act be good, yet maiſt thou plead
A ſecond freedome; for the fleſh is dead.

NAZIANZ.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyned to this body, I know not; which when it is healthfull, provoketh me to warre, and being damaged by warre, affecteth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow-servant, and hate as an utter enemy: It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and alienation: What I fear I embrace, and what I love I am affraid of? before I make warre, I am reconciled, before I enjoy peace I am at variance.

EPIG 8.

What need that house be dawb'd with flesh and bloud?
Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
Cost idly spent! That cost doth but prolong
Thy thraldome. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.

IX.

I am in a Streight betwixt two, having a desire to Depart & to be wth Christ.
Phil. 1. 23.

IX.

PHILIPPIANS. 1. 23.

I am in a ſtrait between two, having a deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.

1

WHat meant our carefull parents ſo to wear,
And laviſh out their ill expended houres,
To purchaſe for us large poſſeſſions here,
which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah what meant they to indure
Such loads of needleſſe labour, to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own too ſure.

2

What mean theſe liv'ries and poſſeſſive keyes?
What mean theſe bargains, and theſe needleſſe ſales?
What need theſe jealous, theſe ſuſpitious wayes
Of law-di vis'd, and law-diſſolv'd entails?
No need to ſweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Eſtates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth as I.

3

O were their ſouls but clogg'd with earth as I,
They would not purchaſe with ſo ſalt an itch;
They would not take of almes, what now they buy?
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich:
They would not take ſuch pains, project and prog,
To charge their ſhoulders with ſo great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

4

cannot do an act which earth disdains not;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not;
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not:
If I but offer up an early grone,
Or spread my wings to Heav'ns long long'd for throne;
She darkens my complaints, and drags my offering down.

5

Ev'n like the hawk, (whose keepers wary hands
Have made a prisner to her wethring stock)
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block,
But her too faithfull leash doth soon retain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loyns a twitch, and tugs her back again.

6

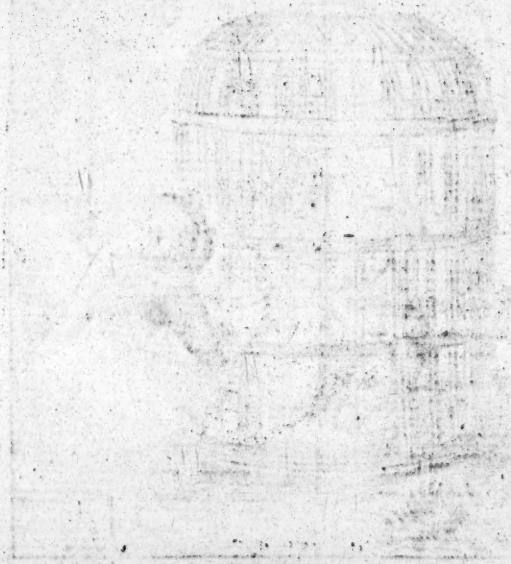
So, when my soul directs her better eye
To Heav'ns bright Pallace (where my treasure lies)
I spread my willing wings, but cannot flie,
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
Lord, how my soul is rackt betwixt the world and thee!

7

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain;
I cannot come till thou release my bands:
Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with spirit, th' Eagle shall not flie
A pitch that 's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

BONAVENT. cap. 1. Soliloq.

Ah ſweet Ieſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoul with the healthfull ſhafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt, and languish with the onely deſire of thee; that it may deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with thee: Let it hunger alone for the bread of life let it thirſt after thee, the ſpring and fountain of eternall light, the ſtream of true pleaſure: let it alwaies deſire thee, ſeek thee, and find thee, and ſweetly reſt in thee.



EPIG. 9.

What? will thy ſhackles neither looſe nor break?
Are they too ſtrong, or is thy arm too weak?
Art will prevail where knotty ſtrength denies;
My ſoul, there's *Aqua fortis* in thine eyes.

X.

Bring my soule out of Prison that I may praise thy Name: Ps: 142. 7. will simpson. sculpsit.

X.

PSALM 142. 7.

Bring my ſoul out of priſon, that I may praiſe thy name.

MY Soul is like a bird, my fleſh the cage;
Wherein ſhe wears her weary pilgrimage
Of houres as few as evil, dayly fed
With ſacred wine, and ſacramentall bread;
The keyes that lock her in, and let her out,
Are Birth and Death; 'twixt both ſhe hops about
From perch to perch, from ſenſe to reaſon; then
From higher reaſon down to ſenſe again:
From ſenſe ſhe climbs to faith; where for a ſeaſon
She ſits and ſings; then down again to reaſon:
From reaſon back to faith, and ſtraight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of ſenſe:
From ſenſe to hope; then hops from hope to doubt:
From doubt, to dull deſpair; there ſeeks about
For deſp'rate freedome, and at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thruſts, and begs th' untimely date
Of unexpired thraldome, to releaſe
Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd within this fleſhly cage
I wear my youth, and waſt my weary age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt
Heav'ns praiſes forth, in ſighes and ſad complaint:
Whilſt happier birds can ſpread their nimble wing
From ſhrubs to cedars, and their chirp and ſing,

In choice of raptures, the harmonious ſtory
Of mans redemption, and his Makers glory:
You glorious Martyrs, you illuſtrious troops,
That once were cloyſter'd in your fleſhly coops,
As faſt as I, what rhet'rick had your tongues?
What dextrous Art had your Elegiak ſongs?
What *Paul-like* pow'r had your admir'd devotion?
What ſhackle-breaking faith infus'd ſuch motion
To your ſtrong prayers, that could obtain the boon
To be inlarg'd; to be uncag'd ſo ſoon?
When I, poore I, can ſing my dayly tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears:
You great partakers of eternall glory,
That with your Heav'n-prevailing Oratory,
Releas'd your ſouls from your terreſtriall cage,
Permit the paſſion of my holy rage
To recommend my ſorrows, dearly known
To you, in dayes of old, and once your own,
To your beſt thoughts, (but oh 't doth not befit ye
To move your pray'rs; you love and joy, not pittie:)
Great Lord of ſouls to whom ſhould priſners flie,
But thee? Thou hadſt thy cage, as well as I:
And; for my ſake, thy pleaſure was to know
The ſorrows that it brought, and feltſt them too;
O ſet me free, and I will ſpend thoſe dayes,
Which now I waſt in begging, in thy praiſe.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1

O miſerable condition of mankind, that has loſt that for which he was created! Alas, what hath he loſt? And what hath he found? He hath loſt happineſſe for which he was made, and found miſery for which he was not made: What is gone? and what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy? that thing is left, by which he is miſerable: O wretched men! From whence are we expelled? To what are we impelled? whence are we thrown? And whither are we hurried? From our home into baniſhment; from the ſight of God into our own blindneſſe; from the pleaſure of immortalitie to the bitterneſſe of death: Miſerable change! from how great a good, to how great an evil? Ah me, what have I enterpriſed? what have I done? whither did I goe? whither am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Pauls midnight-voice prevail'd; his muſicks thunder
Unhing'd the priſon doores, ſplit bolts in ſunder:
And ſitſt thou here, and hang'ſt the feeble wing?
And whin'ſt to be enlarg'd? ſoul, learn to ſing.

XI.

As the Hart panteth after the waterbrooks
so panteth my soule after thee O Lord.

Will. Simpson. Sculpsit

XI.

PSALM 24. 1.

As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my ſoul after thee, O God.

1

HOw ſhall my tongue expreſſe that hallow'd fire
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my raviſht heart?
What Muſe ſhall I invoke, that will inſpire
My lowly quill to act a loftie part!
What Art ſhall I deviſe t' expreſſe deſire,
Too intricate to be expreſt by Art!
Let all the nine be ſilent; I refuſe
Their aid in this high task, for they abuſe
The flames of love too much: aſſiſt me, *Davids* Muſe.

2

Not as the thirſty ſoyl deſires ſoft ſhow'rs,
To quicken and refreſh her Embryon grain;
Nor as the drooping creſts of fading flow'rs
Requeſt the bountie of a morning rain,
Do I deſire my God: theſe, in few houres,
Re-wiſh what late their wiſhes did obtain,
But as the ſwift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To th' much deſired ſtreams, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find or die.

Before

3

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd luſts I flee;
O, they have ſingled out my panting heart;
And wanton *Cupid*, ſitting in a tree,
Hath pierc'd my boſome with a flaming dart;
My ſoul being ſpent, for refuge ſeeks to thee,
But cannot find where thou my refuge art:
Like as the ſwift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To the deſired ſtreams, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find or die.

4

At length by flight, I over-went the pack;
Thou drew'ſt the wanton dart from out my wound;
The bloud, that follow'd, left a purple track,
Which brought a Serpent, but in ſhape a Hound:
We ſtrove, he bit me; but thou brak'ſt his back;
I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground;
But as the Serpent-bitten Hart doth flie
To the long-long'd for ſtreams, eve'n ſo did I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find or die.

5

If luſt ſhould chaſe my ſoul, made ſwift by fright,
Thou art the ſtreams whereto my ſoul is bound:
Or if a jav'lin wound my ſides in flight,
Thou art the balſame that muſt cure my wound:
If poyſon chance t' infeſt my ſoul, in fight
Thou art the treacle that muſt make me ſound:
Ev'n as the wounded Hart, emboſt, doth flie
To th' ſtreams extremely long'd for, ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find or die.

CYRIL.

CYRIL. lib. 5. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noyſome thirſt of this world, that ſcoureth all the ſtains of ſinners, that watereth the earth of our ſouls with heavenly ſhowers, and bringeth back the thirſty heart of man to his onely God!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when ſhall I leave this forſaken, impaſſible, and dry earth, and taſt the waters of thy ſweetneſſe, that I may behold thy virtue, and thy glory, and ſlake my thirſt with the ſtreams of thy mercy; Lord, I thirſt: Thou art the ſpring of life, ſatisfie me; I thirſt Lord, I thirſt after thee the living God!

EPIG. 11.

The arrow-ſmitten Hart, deep wounded, flies
To th'ſprings with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy ſpring: If Satans fiery dart
Pierce thy faint ſides, do ſo, my wounded Heart.

XII.

When shall I come and appeare before the Lord Ps: 42. 2. W. M. sculp.

XII.

Psalm 42. 2.

When ſhall I come and appear before God?

WHat is my ſoul the better to be tin'd
With holy fire? what boots it to be coyn'd
With Heav'ns own ſtamp? what vantage can there be
To ſouls of Heav'n-deſcended pedegree,
More then to beaſts that grovel? Are not they
Fed by th' Almighties hand? and ev'ry day,
Fill'd with his bleſſing too? Do they not ſee
God in his Creatures as direct as we?
Do they not taſt thee? hear thee? nay, what ſenſe
Is not partaker of thine Excellence?
What more do we? Alas, what ſerves our reaſon,
But, like dark lanthorns, to accompliſh treaſon
With greater cloſeneſſe? It affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our purblind ſight;
No pleaſure riſes up the leaſt degree,
Great God, but in the clearer view of thee:
What priv'ledge more then ſenſe hath reaſon than?
What vantage is it to be born a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
Vain tow'rs of Hope upon thy gracious Word?
How often hath thy Hope-reviving Grace
Woo'd my ſuſpitious eyes to ſeek thy face!
How often have I ſought thee? Oh how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'r obtain;
In vain I ſeek thee, and I beg in vain:

If it be high preſumption to behold
Thy face, why didſt thou make mine eyes ſo bold
To ſeek it? If that object be too bright
For mans aſpect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t' expect it? If it might be ſeen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darkned eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou doſt command the thing thou doſt deny;
Why doſt thou give me ſo unpriz'd a treaſure,
And then deny'ſt my greedy ſoul the pleaſure
To view thy gift: Alas, that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If thoſe refulgent beams of Heav'ns great light
Guild not the day, what is the day, but night?
The drouzie ſhepherd ſleeps; flow'rs droop and fade;
The birds are ſullen, and the beaſt is ſad:
But if bright *Titan* dart his golden ray,
And, with his riches glorifie, the day,
The jolly ſhepheard pipes; flowr's freſhly ſpring;
The beaſts growes gameſome, and the birds they ſing.
Thou art my Sun, great God: O when ſhall I
View the full beams of thy Meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleſhly curtain, that denies
The gracious preſence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith; and by the eye of grace,
I ſhall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. Augusr.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 39.

Who created all things is better then all things; who beautified all things is more beautifull then all things: who made ſtrength is ſtronger then all things: who made great things is greater then all things: Whatſoever thou loveſt he is that to thee: Learn to love the workman in his work, the Creatour in his creature: Let not that which was made by him poſſeſſe thee, leſt thou loſe him by whom thy ſelf was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

O thou moſt ſweet, moſt gracious, moſt amiable, moſt fair, when ſhall I ſee thee? when ſhall I be ſatisfied with thy beautie? When wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confeſſe thy name?

EPIG. 12.

How art thou ſhaded in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain fleſh? thou ſeeſt no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge as her own;
Thy fleſh is hie: ſoul take this curtain down.

XIII.

Oh ye I had the wings of a Doue: for then I would fly away, & be at rest. Ps: 55. 6

W. Simpson sc.

XIII.

PSALM 55. 6.

O that I had the wings of a Dove, for then I would flie away and be at rest.

1

AND am I ſworn a dunghil ſlave for ever
To earths baſe drudg'ry? ſhall I never find
A night of reſt? ſhall my indentures never
Be cancell'd? did injurious Nature bind
My ſoul earths prentice, with no clauſe to leave her?
No day of freedom? muſt I ever grind?
O that I had the pinions of a Dove,
That I might quit my bands and ſore above,
And pour my juſt complaints before the great Jehove!

2

How happy are the Doves, that have the pow'r,
When ere they pleaſe, to ſpread their ayry wings!
Or cloud-dividing Eagles, that can towre
Above the ſent of theſe inferiour things!
How happy is the Lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and ſings!
Had my dull ſoul but wings as well as they,
How I would ſpring from earth and clip away!
As wiſe *Aſtrea* did, and ſcorn this ball of clay!

3

O how my ſoul would ſpurn this ball of clay,
And loath the dainties of earths painful pleaſure!
O how I'de laugh to ſee men night and day
Turmoyl, to gain that traſh they call their treaſure!
O how I'de ſmile to ſee what plots they lay
To catch a blaſt, or own a ſmile from *Ceſar*!
Had I the pineons of a mounting Dove,
How I would ſore and ſing, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toyes, and feed on joys above!

4

There ſhould I find that everlaſting pleaſure, (not;
Which change removes not, and which chance prevents
There ſhould I find that everlaſting treaſure,
Which force deprives not, fortune diſaugments not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting *Ceſar*,
Whoſe hand recalls not, and whoſe heart repents not;
Had I the pineons of a clipping Dove,
How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toyes, and joy in things above!

5

No rank-mouth'd ſlander there ſhall give offence,
Or blaſt our blooming names, as here they do;
No liver-ſcalding luſt ſhall there incenſe
Our boyling veins. There is no *Cupids* bow:
Lord, give my ſoul the milk-white innocence
Of Doves, and I ſhall have their pineons too:
Had I the pineons of a ſprightly Dove,
How I would quit this earth, and ſore above
And Heav'ns bleſt kingdom find, with Heav'ns bleſt King
Jehove.

S. Auguſt.

S. Augustᵀ. in Psal. 138.

What wings should I desire but the two precepts of love, on which the Law and the Prophets depend! O if I could obtain these wings I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Iustice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us find those wings by love which we have lost by lust.

S. Augustᵀ. in Psal. 76.

Let us cast off whatsoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight until we attain that which satisfieth; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which, all things are.

Epig. 13.

Tell me, my wishing soul, didst ever trie
How fast the wings of red croſt faith can flie?
Why begg'ſt thou then the pinions of a Dove?
Faiths wings are swifter, but the swifteſt love.

XIV

How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts my Soule longeth yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. Ps: 84. 1

XIV.

PSALM 84. 1.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles O God of Hoſts.

ANcient of dayes, to whom all times are Now,
Before whoſe Glory Seraphims do bow
Their bluſhing cheeks, and veil their blemiſht faces,
That uncontain'd at once doſt fill all places,
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puzzled quils, or the obtuſe conceit
Of fleſh and blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues, are thy expreſſeſſe courts!
Whoſe glory to paint forth with greater Art,
Raviſh my fancy, and inſpire my heart;
Excuſe my bold attempt, and pardon me
For ſhewing ſenſe what faith alone ſhould ſee.
Ten thouſand millions, and ten thouſand more
Of angel-meaſur'd leagues from th' Eaſtern ſhore
Of dungeon earth this glorious Palace ſtands,
Before whoſe pearly gates ten thouſand bands
Of armed angels wait to entertain
Thoſe purged ſouls for whom the Lamb was ſlain;
Whoſe guiltleſſe death, and voluntary yielding
Of whoſe giv'n life, gave this brave court her building;
The lukewarm blood of this dear Lamb being ſpilt;
To rubies turn'd, whereof her poſts were built;
And what dropt down in cold and gelid gore,
Did turn rich Saphyres, and impav'd her floor:

The brighter flames, that from his ey-balls ray'd,
Grew Chryſolites, whereof her walls were made:
The milder glances ſparkled on the ground,
And groundſild every door with Diamond;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of pureſt Sardonix.
Her ſtreets with burniſht gold are paved round,
Stars lie like pebbles ſcattred on the ground:
Pearl mixt with Onyx, and the Jaſper ſtone,
Made gravell'd cauſewayes to be trampled on:
There ſhines no Sun by day, no Moon by night;
The Pallace glory is the Pallace light:
There is no time to meaſure motion by,
There Time is ſwallow'd with Eternity:
Wry-mouth'd Diſdain, and corner haunting Luſt,
And twy fac'd Fraud, and beetle-brow'd Diſtruſt,
Soul-boyling Rage, and trouble-ſtate Sedition,
And giddy Doubt, and goggle-ey'd Suſpition,
And lumpiſh Sorrow, and degen'rous Fear
Are baniſht thence, and Death's a ſtranger there:
But ſimple Love, and ſempiternal Joyes,
Whoſe ſweetneſſe neither gluts, nor fulneſſe cloyes;
Where face to face our raviſh't eye ſhall ſee
Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and ſeeing him ſhall bleſſe him,
And bleſſing, love him, and in love, poſſeſſe him:
Here ſtay my ſoul, and raviſh in relation:
Thy words being ſpent, ſpend now in contemplation.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in Pſal. 7. pœnitent.

Sweet Ieſus, the word of the Father, the brightneſſe of paternal glory, whom Angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that bleſſed City, where day is eternal, where there is certain ſecurity, and ſecure eternity, and eternal peace, and peaceful happineſſe, and happy ſweetneſſe, and ſweet pleaſure; where thou O God with the Father and the holy Spirit liveſt and reigneſt world without end.

Ibid.

There is light without darkneſſe; joy without grief; deſire without puniſhment; love without ſadneſſe; ſatiety without loathing; ſafety without fear; health without diſeaſe; and life without death.

EPIG 14.

My ſoul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of *Sols* bright face is ſeen but by reflexion:
But wouldſt thou know what's Heav'n? I'll tell thee what.
Think what thou canſt not think, and Heav'n is that.

XV.

Make hast my Beloved, and be Thow like to a Roe, or to a yong Hart vpon the Mountaines of Spices. Cant: 8. 14. will: sm:

XV.

CANTICLES 8. 14.

Make haſt, my Beloved, and be like the Roe, or the young Hart upon the mountains of Spices.

GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce;
My ſoul to deep; thy flames are too too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting ſpirits fry
I'th' torried Zone of thy Meridian eye:
Away, away, thy ſweets are too perfuming;
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too conſuming:
Haſt hence, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro buck, and his flying Ro.
But wilt thou leave me then? O thou that art
Life of my ſoul, ſoul of my dying heart,
Without the ſweet aſpect of whoſe fair eyes,
My ſoul doth languiſh and her ſolace dies;
Art thou ſo eaſily woo'd? ſo apt to hear
The frantick language of my fooliſh fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'rcome me.
O how they wound! but how my wounds content me!
How ſweetly theſe delightful pains torment me!
How I am tortur'd in exceſſive meaſure
Of pleaſing cluelties too cruel pleaſure!
Turn, turn away, remove thy ſcorching beams;
I languiſh with theſe bitter-ſweet extremes:

Haſt

Haſt then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The flying Ro-buck, and his frighted Ro.
Turn back, my dear; O let my raviſht eye
Once more behold thy face before thou fly;
What, ſhall we part without a mutual kiſſe?
O who can leave ſo ſweet a face as this?
Look full upon me; for my ſoul deſires
To turn a holy Martyr in thoſe fires:
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.
If thou becloud the Sun-ſhine of thine eye,
I freez to death, and if it ſhine, I fry;
Which like a fever, that my ſoul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freez too hot:
Alas, I cannot bear ſo ſweet a ſmart,
Nor canſt thou be leſſe glorious then thou art.
Haſt then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and his flying Ro.
But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a diſtance makes another death:
My youth is in her Spring; Autumnal vowes
Will make me riper for ſo ſweet a Spouſe;
When after-times have burniſh'd my deſire,
I'll ſhoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

Autor

Autor ſcalæ Paradiſi. Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor deſpair; think not thy ſelf contemned, if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things cooperate for the beſt: both from his abſence, and his preſence thou gaineſt light: He cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: he cometh to make thee conſolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: he cometh that thy languiſhing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned; and being abſent, to be more deſired; and being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought; and being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul, ſins monſter, whom, with greater eaſe
Ten thouſand fold, thy God could make then pleaſe;
What wouldſt thou have? nor pleas'd with ſun, nor ſhade?
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.

Fides Spes Coronat ad aras.

THE FAREWEL.

REVELATION 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

1

BE faithful, Lord, what's that?
Believe: 'tis easy to believe; but what?
That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
For those foul deeds thy hands have done:
Believe, that he whose gentle palms
Thy needle-pointed sins have naild,
Hath born thy slavish load (of alms)
And made supply where thou hast faild:
Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?
It is a love too strong for mans belief.

2

Believe that he, whose side
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, di'd,
To save thy guilty soul from dying
Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no scape, there was no flying,
But through his dearest bloods expence:
Believe, this dying friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But ev'n the truth of weak desires,
And for his love, but love again:
Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?
It is a love too vast to comprehend.

With

3

With floods of tears baptize
And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes;
Lord, whet my dull, my blunt belief,
And break this fleshly rock in sunder,
That from this heart, this hell of grief,
May spring a Heav'n of love and wonder:
O, if thy mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my belief,
My grief will then refine my love,
My love will then refresh my grief:
Then weep mine eyes as he hath bled; vouchsafe
To drop for every drop an Epitaph.

4

But is the crown of Glory
The wages of a lamentable story?
Or can so great a purchase rise
From a salt humour? can mine eye
Run fast enough t' obtain this prize?
If so, Lord, who's so mad to die?
Thy tears are trifles; thou must do:
Alas, I cannot; then endeavour:
I will: but will a tug or two
Suffice the turn? thou must persever:
I'll strive till death; and shall my feeble strife
Be crown'd? I'll crown it with a crown of life.

5

But is there such a dearth
That thou must buy what is thy due by birth?
He whom thy hands did form of dust,
And gave him breath upon condition;
To love his great Creatour, must
He now be thine by composition?

Art

Art thou a gracious God and mild,
Or head-ſtrong man rebellious rather?
O, man's a baſe rebellious child,
And thou a very gracious Father:
The gift is thine; we ſtrive, thou crown'ſt our ſtrife;
Thou giv'ſt us Faith; and Faith, a crown of life.

FINIS.

The mind of the Frontiſpiece.

This Bubble 's Man: Hope, Fear, falſe Joy and Trouble,
Are thoſe four Windes which dayly toſſe this Bubble.

Hieroglyphikes
of the life of Man
Fra: Quarles

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
31
MAR

To the right Honourable both in Blood and Virtue, and moſt accompliſht LADY,

MARY,

COUNTESSE OF *DORSET*, LADY Governeſſe to the moſt Illuſtrious

CHARLES,

PRINCE of great *Britain*, and

JAMES,

DUKE of *York*.

Excellent Lady,

I *Preſent theſe Tapours to burn under the ſafe protection of your Honourable Name: where, I preſume, they ſtand ſecure from the damps of ignorance, and blaſts of cenſure*

It is a ſmall part of that abundant ſervice which my thankful heart oweth your incomparable goodneſſe. Be pleaſed to honour it with your noble Acceptance, which ſhall be nothing but what your owne eſteem ſhall make it.

MADAME,

Your Lapps moſt

humble ſervant,

FRA. QUARLES.

To the Reader.

IF you are ſatisfied with my *Emblemes*, I here ſet before you a ſecond ſervice. It is an Ægyptian diſh, dreſt on the Engliſh faſhion: They, at their Feaſts, uſed to preſent a Deaths-head at their ſecond courſe: This will ſerve for both. You need not fear a ſurfet: Here is but little; and that, light of digeſtion: If it but pleaſe your Palate, I queſtion not your ſtomack: Fall too; and much good may it do you.

Convivio addit Minerval. *E. B.*

Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem, Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.

BENEVOLUS.

Sine Lumine inane.

PSALM 51. 5.

Behold I was ſhapen in iniquity, and in ſin did my mother conceive me.

MAn is mans *ABC*: There is none that can
Read God aright, unleſſe he firſt ſpell Man:
Man is the ſtairs, whereby his knowledge climbs
To his Creatour though it oftentimes
Stumbles for want of light, and ſometimes trips
For want of careful heed; and ſometimes ſlips
Through unadviſed haſt; and when at length
His weary ſteps have reach'd the top, his ſtrength
Oft fails to ſtand; his giddy brains turn round,
And *Phaeton*-like, falls headlong to the ground:
Theſe ſtairs are often dark, and full of danger
To him, whom want of practice makes a ſtranger
To this blind way: The Lamps of nature lends
But a falſe light, and lights to her own ends.
Theſe be the wayes to Heav'n; theſe paths require
A light that ſprings from that Diviner fire,
Whoſe humane ſoul-enlightning ſun-beams dart
Through the bright crannies of th' immortal part.
And here, thou great Original of Light,
Whoſe errour-chacing beams do unbenight
The very ſoul of darkneſſe, and untwiſt
The clouds of ignorance, do thou aſſiſt
My feeble quill; reflect thy ſacred rayes
Upon theſe lines, that they may light the wayes
That lead to thee; ſo guide my heart, my hand,
That I may do what others underſtand.
Let my heart practice what my hand ſhall write;
Till then, I am a Tapour wanting light.

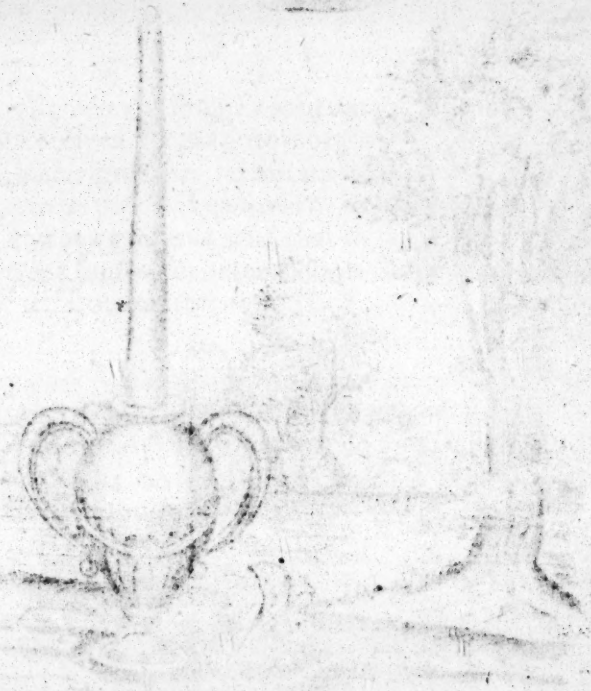
This

This golden Precept, *Know thy ſelf*, came down
From Heav'ns high Court: It was an Art unknown
To fleſh and blood. The men of Nature took
Great journeys in it: Their dim eyes did look
But through a miſt, like Pilgrims they did ſpend
Their idle ſteps, but knew no journeys end.
The way to know thy ſelf, is firſt to caſt
Thy frail beginning Progreſſe, and thy laſt:
This is the ſum of Man: But now return
And view this Tapour ſtanding in this Urn.
Behold her ſubſtance, ſordid and impure,
Uſeleſſe and and vain, and (wanting light) obſcure:
'Tis but a ſpan at longeſt, nor can laſt
Beyond that ſpan; ordain'd and made to waſt:
Ev'n ſuch was Man (before his ſoul gave light
To his vile ſubſtance) a meer child of night;
Ere he had life, eſtated in his Urn,
And markt for death; by nature, born to burn:
Thus liveleſſe, lightleſſe, worthleſſe firſt began
That glorious, that preſumptuous thing call'd Man.

S. Auguſt.

S. AUGUST.

Conſider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou ſhalt be after death: Thou wert made of an impure ſubſtance, clothed and nouriſhed in thy mothers blood.



EPIG. I.

Forbear, fond Tapour: what thou ſeek'ſt, is fire:
Thy own deſtruction's lodg'd in thy deſire.
Thy wants are far more ſafe then their ſupply:
He that begins to live, begins to die.

Hieroglyph. II.

Nescius Vnde.

Will: Marshall. Sculpsit

GENESIS 1. 3.

And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

1

THis flame-expecting Tapour hath at length
Received fire, and now begins to burn:
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no strength;
Apt to be puft and quencht at ev'ry turn:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd
This snuff with flame: But mark this hand doth shroud
It self self from mortal eyes, and folds it in a cloud.

2

Thus man begins to live. An unknown flame
Quickens his finisht Organs, now posseſt
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
An active soul, though in a feeble breast:
But how, and when infus'd, ask not my pen;
Here flies a cloud before the eyes of men:
I cannot tell thee how, nor canst thou tell me when.

3

Was it a parcel of celestial fire
Infus'd by Heav'n into this fleshly mould?
Or was it (think you) made a soul entire?
Then, Was it new created? Or of old?
Or is 't a propagated Spark, rak'd out
From Natures embers? while we go about,
By reason to resolve, the more we raise a doubt.

If,

4

If it be part of that celeſtial Flame,
It muſt be even as pure, as free from ſpot
As that eternal Fountain whence it came:
If pure and ſpotleſſe, then whence came the blot?
It ſelf being pure could not it ſelf defile;
Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to ſoil
Her pure and active form, as Jars corrupt their Oyl.

5

Or if it were created, tell me when?
If in the firſt ſix dayes, where kept till now?
Or if the ſoul were new created, then
Heav'n did not all, at firſt, he had to do:
Six dayes expired all creation ceaſt,
All kinds, even from the greateſt to the leaſt,
Were finiſht and complete before the day of reſt.

6

But why ſhould Man, the Lord of Creatures, want
That priviledge which Plants and Beaſts obtain?
Beaſts bring forth Beaſts, the Plant a perfect Plant;
And every like brings forth her like again:
Shall Fowls, and Fiſhes, Beaſts, and Plants convey
Life to their iſſue, and Man leſſe then they?
Shall theſe get living ſouls? And Man dead lumps of clay?

7

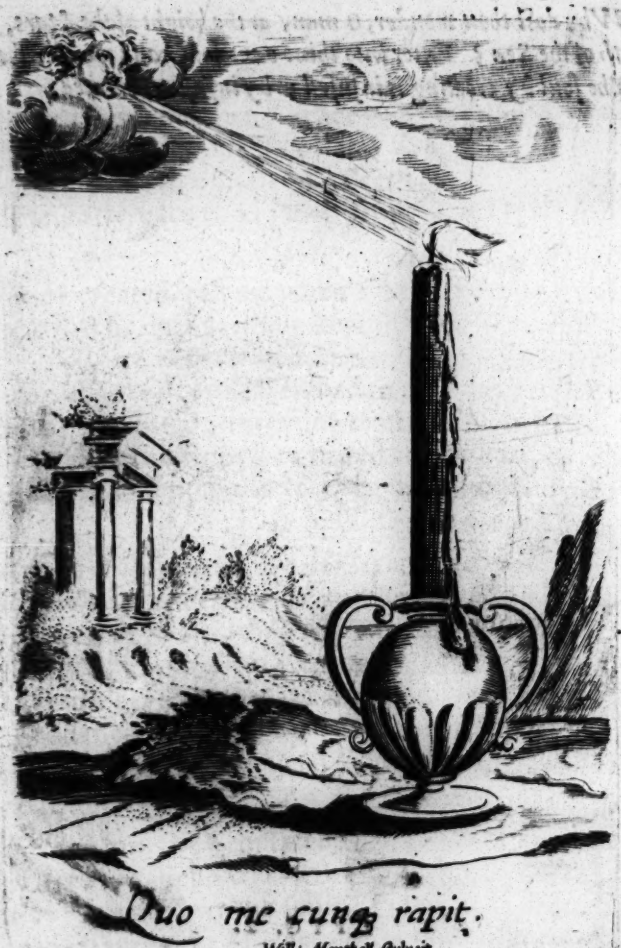
Muſt humane ſouls be generated then?
My water ebs; behold, a Rock is nigh:
If Natures work produce the ſouls of men,
Mans ſoul is mortal: All that's born muſt die.
What ſhall we then conclude? What ſun-ſhine will
Diſperſe this gloomy cloud? Till then, be ſtill,
My vainly ſtriving thoughts; lie down, my puzzl'd quill.

ISIDOR.

Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height of the Stars, or the depth of the Sea? Enter into thine own soul, and wonder there. The soul by creating is infused; by infusion, created.

EPIG. 2.

What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou know'st not how, nor when, nor whence it came:
Poor kind of happinesse, that can return
No more accompt but this, to say, *I burn!*



Quo me cunq; rapit.

Will: Marshall. Sculpsit.

PSALM 103. 16.

The wind passeth over it and it is gone.

NO sooner is this lighted Tapour set
Upon the transitory stage
Of eye-bedarkning night;
Bu it is straight subjected to the threat
Of envious winds, whose wastful rage
Disturbs her peaceful light, (bright.
Amd makes her substance wast, and makes her flame lesse

2

No sooner are we born, no sooner come
To take possession of this vast;
This soul-afflicting earth,
But danger meets us at the very womb,
And sorrow with her full-mouth'd blast
Salutes our painful birth,
To put out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

3

Nor infant innocence, nor childish tears,
Nor youthful wit, nor manly power,
Nor politick old age,
Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows prayers,
Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tower,
Nor Prince, not Peer, nor Page
Can scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

4

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts,
And every blast brings forth a fear;
And every fear, a death;
The more it lengthens, ah, the more it wasts:
Were, were we to continue here
The dayes of long-liv'd *Seth*,
Our sorrows would renew, as we renew our breath.

5

Toſt too and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
With every puff, with every tide
Of ſelf-conſuming care;
Our peaceful flame, that would point up to Heav'n,
Is ſtill diſturb'd, and turn'd aſide;
And every blaſt of air
Commits ſuch waſt in man as man cannot repair.

6

W' are all born debters, and we firmly ſtand
Oblig'd for our firſt parents debt,
Beſides our intereſt;
Alas, we have no harmleſſe counterband,
And we are every hour beſet
With threatnings of arreſt,
And till we pay the debt we can expect no reſt.

7

What may this ſorrow-ſhaken life preſent
To the falſe reliſh of our taſt
That's worth the name of ſweet?
Her minutes pleaſure 's choakt with diſcontent,
Her glory foil'd with every blaſt;
How many dangers meet
Poor man betwixt the biggin and the winding ſheet!

S. Augustt.

S. Augustᵀ.

In this world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impoßible.

Ibid.

Behold, the world is full of troubles, yet beloved: What if it were a pleaſing world? How wouldſt thou delight in her calms, that canſt ſo well endure her ſtorms?

Epig. 3.

Art thou conſum'd with ſoul-afflicting croſſes?
Diſturb'd with grief? annoy'd with worldly loſſes?
Hold up thy head; the Tapour lifted hie
Will brook the wind, when lower Tapours die.

Curando Labascit.

MATTHEW 9. 12.
The Whole need not the Physitian.

ALwayes pruning, alwayes cropping?
Is her brightneſſe ſtill obſcur'd?
Eve-dreſſing, ever topping?
Alwayes curing, never cur'd?
Too much ſnuffing makes a waſt;
When the ſpirits ſpend too faſt,
They will ſhrink at ev'ry blaſt.

2

You that alwayes are beſtowing
Coſtly pains in life repairing,
Are but alwayes overthrowing
Natures work by overcaring:
Nature meeting with her foe,
In a work ſhe hath to do,
Takes a pride to overthrow.

3

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride diſdains a tutour,
Can not ſtoop to Arts correction,
And ſhe ſcorns a coadjutour,
Saucy Art ſhould not appear
Till ſhe whiſper in her ear:
Hagar flees, if *Sara* bear.

4

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hindred that ſhe cannot;
Art ſtands by as her abettor,
Ending nothing ſhe began not;
If diſtemper chance to ſeiſe,
Nature foil'd with the diſeaſe,
Art may help her if ſhe pleaſe.

5

But to make a trade of trying
Drugs and doſies, alwayes pruning,
Is to die for fear of dying;
He 's untun'd, that 's alwayes tuning.
He that often loves to lack
Dear-bought drugs hath found a knack
To foyl the man, and feed the Quack.

6

O the ſad, the frail condition
Of the pride of Natures glory!
How infirm his compoſition!
And as beſt how tranſitory!
When his ryot doth impair
Natures weakneſſe, then his care
Adds more ruin by repair.

7

Hold thy hand, healths dear maintainer,
Life perchance may burn the ſtronger;
Having ſubſtance to ſuſtain her,
She untoucht, may laſt the longer:
When the Artiſt goes about
To redreſſe her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes he ſnuffs it out.

NICOCLES.

Phyſicians of all men are moſt happy; what good ſucceſſe ſoever they have, the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

EPIG 4.

My purſe being heavy, if my *light* appear
But dimme, *Quack* comes to make all clear;
Quack, leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right,
Thou tak'ſt our weighty gold to give us *light*.

Te auxiliante resurgo.

Will. Marshall. sculpsit.

PSALM 91.

And he will give his Angels charge over thee.

1

O How mine eyes could pleaſe themſelves, and ſpend
Perpetual ages in this precious ſight!
How I could woo Eternity, to lend
My waſting day an antidote for night!
And how my fleſh could with my fleſh contend,
That views this object with no more delight!
My work is great, my Tapour ſpends too feſt:
'T is all I have, and ſoon would out or waſt,
Did not this bleſſed ſcreen protect it from this blaſt.

2

O, I have loſt the jewel of my ſoul,
And I muſt find it out, or I muſt die:
Alas! my ſin-made darkneſſe doth controul
The bright endeavour of my careful eye:
I muſt go ſearch and ranſack every hole;
Nor have I other light to ſeek it by:
O if this light be ſpent, my work not done,
My labour's worſe then loſt; my jewel's gone,
And I am quit forlorn, and I am quit undone.

3

You bleſſed Angels, you that do enjoy
The full fruition of eternal glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fancy ſuch a toy
As man, and quit your glorious territory,
And ſtoop to earth, vouchſafing to imploy
Your care to guard the duſt that lies before ye?
Diſdain you not theſe lumps of dying clay,
That, for your pains, do oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not diſdain, and ſend you griev'd away?

This

4

This vapour of our lives, that once was plac'd
In the fair ſuburbs of Eternity,
Is now alas confin'd to ev'ry blaſt,
And turn'd a *May-pole* for the ſporting *fly*;
And will you, ſacred *Spirits*, pleaſe to caſt
Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?
How had this ſlender inch of Vapour been
Blaſted and blaz'd, had not this heav'nly *Screen*
Curb'd the proud blaſt, and timely ſtept between!

5

O goodneſſe, far tranſcending the report
Of laviſh tongues! too vaſt to comprehend!
Amazed quill, how far doſt thou come ſhort
T' expreſſe expreſſions that ſo far tranſcend!
You bleſſed Courtiers of th' eternal Court,
Whoſe full-mouth'd Halleluiahs have no end,
Receive that world of praiſes that belongs
To your great Sov'reign; fill your holy tongues
With our Hoſanna's mixt with your Seraphick ſongs.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou desirest the help of Angels, fly the comforts of the world, and resist the temptations of the Devil.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

EPIG. 5.

My flame, art thou disturb'd, disease'd, and driv'n
To death with storms of grief? Point thou to Heav'n;
One Angel there shall ease the more alone,
Then thrice as many thousands of thy own.

Tempus erit

ECCLESIASTES 3. 1.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

Time. 1 *Death.*

Time. BEhold the frailty of this ſlender ſnuff
Alas, it hath not long to laſt:
Without the help of either thief or puff,
Her weakneſſe knows the way to waſt:
Nature hath made her ſubſtance apt enough
To ſpend it ſelf, and ſpend too faſt:
It needs the help of none
That is ſo prone
To laviſh out untoucht, and languiſh all alone.

2

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and ſhake thy ſlow pac'd ſand;
Thy idle minutes make no way:
Thy glaſſe exceeds her how'r, or elſe doth ſtand,
I can not hold, I can not ſtay.
Surceaſe thy pleading, and enlarge my hand,
I ſurfet with too long delay:
This briſk, this boldfac'd light
Doth burn too bright;
Darkneſs adorns my throne; my day is darkeſt night.

3

Time. Great Prince of darkneſſe, hold thy needleſſe hand;
Thy captive's faſt and cannot flee:
What arm can reſcue? who can countermand?
What pow'r can ſet thy priſ'ner free?
Or if they could, what cloſe, what forrein land
Can hide that head that flees from thee?
But if her harmleſſe light
Offend thy ſight, (at night?
What needſt thou ſnatch at noon, what will be thine

I have

4

Death. I have outſtaid my patience; my quick trade
Groves dull and makes too ſlow return:
This long-liv'd debt is due, and ſhould been paid
When firſt her flame began to burn:
But I have ſtaid too long, I have delaid
To ſtore my vaſt, my craving Urn.
My patent gives me pow'r
Each day, each how'r, (tow'r.
To ſtrike the Peaſants thatch, and ſhake the Princely

5

Time. Thou count'ſt too faſt: thy patent gives no pow'r
Till *Time* ſhall pleaſe to ſay, *Amen.* (how'r?
Death. Canſt thou appoint my ſhaft? *Time.* Or thou my
Death. 'T is I bid, do. *Time.* 'T is I bid, When.
Alas, thou canſt not make the pooreſt ſlow'r
To hang the drooping head till then:
Thy ſhafts can neither kill,
Nor ſtrike, until (will.
My power give them wings, and pleaſure arm thy

S. Augvst.

Thou knoweſt not what time he will come: wait alwayes that becauſe thou knoweſt not the time of his coming, thou mayeſt be prepared againſt the time he cometh. And for this perchance, thou knoweſt not the time, becauſe thou mayeſt be prepared againſt all times.

Epig. 6.

Exſpect, but fear not death: death cannot kill;
Till *Time*, (that firſt muſt ſeal her Patent) will:
Would'ſt thou live long? keep *Time* in high eſteem;
Whom gone, if thou canſt not recal, redeem.

Nec Sine, nec Tecum.

Will Marshall sculpsit

JOB 18. 6.

His light shall be dark; and his candle shall be put out.

1

WHat ails our tapour? Is her lustre fled,
Or foil'd? what dire disaster bred
This change, that thus she vails her golden head?

2

It was but very now she shin'd as fair
As *Venus* star. Her glory might compare
With *Cynthia*, burnisht with her brothers hair.

3

There was no cave-begotten damp that mought
Abuse her beams; no wind that went about
To break her peace; no puff to put her out.

4

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou shalt spie
A cause, will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye:
Subjects must vail, when as their Sov'reign's by.

5

Canst thou behold bright *Phœbus*, and thy sight
No whit impair'd? the object is too bright;
The weaker yields unto the stronger light.

6

Great God, I am thy tapour, thou my sun;
From thee the Spring of light, my light begun;
Yet if thy light but shine, my light is done.

7

If thou withdraw thy light, my light will shine,
If thine appear, how poor a light is mine?
My light is darkness if compar'd to thine.

8

Thy Sun beams are too ſtrong for my weak eye;
If thou but ſhine, how nothing, Lord am I!
Ah, who can ſee thy viſage, and not die!

9

If intervening earth ſhould make a night,
My wanton flame would then ſhine forth too bright;
My earth would even preſume t' eclipſe thy light.

10

And if thy light be ſhadow'd, and mine fade,
If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd,
I ſhould be clothed with a double ſhade.

11

What ſhall I do? O what ſhall I deſire?
What help can my diſtracted thoughts require,
That thus am waſting twixt a double fire?

12

In what a ſtrait, in what a ſtait am I?
Twixt two extremes how my rackt fortunes lie?
See I thy face, or ſee it not, I die.

13

O let the ſteam of my Redeemers blood
That breaths from my ſick ſoul, be made a cloud,
To interpoſe theſe lights, and be my ſhroud.

14

Lord, what am I? or what 's the light I have?
May it but light my aſhes to their grave,
And ſo from thence, to thee; 't is all I crave.

15

O make my light, that all the world may ſee
Thy glory by 't: If not, It ſeems to me
Honour enough, to be put out by thee.

O light inaceßible, in reſpect of which my light is utter darkneſſe; ſo reflect upon my weakneſſe, that all the world may behold thy ſtrength: O Majeſty incomprehenſible, in reſpect of which my glory is mere ſhame: ſo ſhine upon my miſery that all the world may behold thy glory.

EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complain, becauſe thou art bereav'n
Of all thy light? wilt thou vie lights with Heav'n?
Can thy bright eye not brook the dayly light?
Take heed: I fear thou art a child of night.

Nec Virtus obscura petit.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

MATTHEW 5. 16.

Let your light ſo ſhine, that men ſeeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

1

WAs it for this, the breath of Heav'n was blown
Into the noſtrils of this Heavenly creature?
Was it for this, that ſacred Three in One
Conſpir'd to make this quinteſſence of Nature?
Did Heavenly providence intend
So rare a fabrick for ſo poor an end?

2

Was Man, the higheſt maſter-piece of Nature,
The curious abſtract of the whole creation,
Whoſe ſoul was copied from his great Creatour,
Made to give light, and ſet for obſervation,
Ordain'd for this? to ſpend his light
In a dark-lanthorn cloyſtred up in night?

3

Tell me, recluſe Monaſtick, can it be
A diſadvantage to thy beams to ſhine?
A thouſand tapours may gain light from thee:
Is thy light leſſe or worſe for lighting mine?
If wanting light, I ſtumble, ſhall
Thy darkneſſe not be guilty of my fall?

4

Why doſt thou lurk ſo cloſe? Is it for fear
Some buſy eye ſhould pry into thy flame,
And ſpie a thief, or elſe ſome blemiſh there?
Or being ſpy'd, ſhrink'ſt thou thy head for ſhame?
Come, come fond tapour, ſhine but clear,
Thou needſt not ſhrink for ſhame, nor ſhroud for fear.

5

Remember, O remember, thou wert ſet
For men to ſee the great Creatour by;
Thy flame is not thy own: It is a debt
Thou ow'ſt thy Maker. And wilt thou deny
To pay the int'reſt of thy light?
And skulk in corners, and play leaſt in ſight?

6

Art thou afraid to truſt thy eaſy flame
To the injurious waſt of Fortunes puff?
Ah, coward, rouze, and quit thy ſelf for ſhame;
Who dies in ſervice, hath liv'd long enough:
Who ſhines, and makes no eye partaker,
Uſurps himſelf, and cloſely robs his Maker.

7

Make not thy ſelf a Pris'ner, that art free:
Why doſt thou turn thy Palace to a jail?
Thou art an Eagle: And befits it thee
To live immured like a cloyſter'd ſnail?
Let toyes ſeek corners; things of coſt
Gain worth by view: hid jewels are but loſt.

8

My God, my light is dark enough at lighteſt,
Encreaſe her flame, and give her ſtrength to ſhine:
'T is frail at beſt: 't is dim enough at brighteſt,
But 't is her glory to be foild by thine.
Let others lurk: My light ſhall be
Propos'd to all men, and by them to thee.

S. Bern.

S. Bern.

If thou be one of the fooliſh virgins, the congregation is neceſſary for thee; if thou be one of the wiſe virgins, thou art neceſſary for the congregation.

Huco.

Monaſticks make Cloyſters to incloſe the outward man: O would to God they would do the like to reſtrain the inward man.

Epig. 8.

Afraid of eyes? what, ſtill play leaſt in ſight?
'Tis much to be preſum'd all is not right:
Too cloſe endeavours bring forth dark events:
Come forth, *Monaſtick*; here 's no Parliaments.

Vt Luna Infantia torpet.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

Job 14. 2.

He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.

1

Behold
How ſhort a ſpan
Was long enough, of old,
To meaſure out the life of man!
In thoſe well temper'd dayes his time was then
Survey'd, caſt up, and found but threeſcore years and ten.

2

Alas
And what is that?
They come, and ſlide, and paſs,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The poſts of time are ſwift, which having run
Their ſeav'n ſhort ſtages o'er, their ſhort-liv'd task is done.

3

Our dayes
Begun we lend
To ſleep, to antick playes
And toyes, until the firſt ſtage end:
12. waining moons, twice 5. times told, we give
To unrecover'd loſſe: W rather breath then live.

4

We ſpend
A ten years breath,
Before we apprehend
What 't is to live, or fear a death:
Our childiſh dreams are fill'd with painted joyes,
Which pleaſe our ſenſe a while, and waking, prove but toyes.

How

5

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A ſlave to ſuch a State as this!
His dayes are ſhort, at longeſt; few, at moſt;
They are but but bad, at beſt; yet laviſht out, or loſt.

6

They be
The ſecret ſprings,
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more ſwift then Eagles wings:
Our life 's a Clock, and every gaſp of breath
Breaths forth a warning grief, till *Time* ſhall ſtrike a death.

7

How ſoon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-ag'd noon!
And this, how ſoon to gray-hair'd night!
We ſpring, we bud, we bloſſome, and we blaſt
E'r we can count our dayes, our dayes they flee ſo faſt.

8

They end
When ſcarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man, count thy dayes; and if they flie too-faſt
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy laſt.

Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which time what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason and a necessity of sin?

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the Image of God appeareth in the act of his Reason, but the Devil blurs it in the corruption of his Will!

Epig. 9.

To the decrepit man.

Thus was the first seaventh part of thy few dayes
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in toyish playes;
Know'st thou what tears thine eyes imparted then?
Review thy losse, and weep them o're agen.

Proles tua, Maia, Iuventus.

Will. Marshall. fculpsit.

JOB 20. 11.

His bones are full of the sins of his youth.

1

THe swift-foot Post of Time hath now begun
His second stage;
The dawning of our age
Is lost and spent without a Sun:
The light of reason did not yet appear
Within th' Horizon of this Hemisphere.

2

The infant Will had yet none other guide
But twilight Sense;
And what is gain'd from thence
But doubtful steps, that tread aside?
Reason now draws her curtains; her clos'd eyes
Begin to open, and she calls to rise.

3

Youths now disclosing bud peeps out, and shews
Her *April* head;
And, from her grasse-green bed,
Her virgin Primerose early blowes;
Whil'st waking *Philomel* prepares to sing
Her warbling sonets to the wanton spring.

4

His stage is pleasant, and the way seems short,
All strow'd with flowers;
The dayes appear but howers,
Being spent in time-beguiling sport.
Here griefs do neither presse, nor doubts perplex;
Here 's neither fear to curb, no care to vex.

5

His downy cheek grows proud, and now disdains
The tutours hand;
He glories to command
The proud-neckt steed with prouder reins:
The strong-breath'd horn must now salute his ear
With the glad downfal of the falling Dear.

6

His quiknos'd army, with their deep-mouth'd sounds,
Must now prepare
To chase the tim'rous Hare
About his yet unmorgag'd grounds;
The ill he hates, is counsel and delay,
And fears no mischief but a rainy day.

7

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
For bale nor blisse;
And late Repentance is
The last dear pen'worth that he bought:
He is a dainty morning, and he may,
If lust orecast him not, b' as fair a day.

8

Proud blossome, use thy Time: Times headstrong horse
Will post away.
Trust not the foll'wing day,
For ev'ry day brings forth a worse:
Take time at best: believe't, thy dayes will fall
From good to bad; from bad, to worst of all.

S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when strength is firm, when blood is hot, when cares are strangers, when mirth is free, then pride swelleth, and humility is despised.

EPIG 10.

To the old man.

Thy years are newly gray, his newly green;
His youth may live to see what thine hath seen:
He is thy Parallel: his present stage
And thine are the two Tropicks of mans age.

Iam ruit in Venerem

Will: Marshall sculpsit

ECCLESIASTES 11. 9.

Rejoyce, O young man, and let thy heart cheer thee, but know, &c.

HOw flux! how alterable is the date
Of transitory things!
How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate!
How one condition brings
The leading Prologue to another state!
No transitory things can last:
Change waits on Time, and Time is wing'd with haste;
Time present's but the ruines of Time past.

2

Behold how Change hath incht away thy Span,
And how thy light doth burn
Nearer and nearer to thy Urn:
For this dear waste what satisfaction can
Injurious Time return
Thy shortned dayes, but this, the style of Man?
And what's a Man? a cask of care,
New tunn'd and working; he's a middle stair
'Twixt birth and death; a blast of full-ag'd air.

3

His breast is tinder, apt to entertain
The sparks of *Cupids* fire,
Whose new-blown flames must now enquire
A wanton julip out, which may restrain
The rage of his desire,
Whose painful pleasure is but pleasing pain;
His life 's a sickness that doth rise
From a hot liver, whilst his passion lies
Expecting cordials from his mistresse eyes.

4

His ſtage is ſtrow'd with thorns, and deckt with flowers;
His year ſometimes *appears*
A minute; and his minutes, *years*:
His doubtful weather 's ſun-ſhine mixt with *ſhowers*;
His traffique, *Hopes* and *Fears*:
His life 's a medley, made of *ſweets* and *ſowers*;
His pains reward is *Smiles* and *Pouts*;
His diet is fair language mixt with *Flouts*;
He is a *Nothing*, all compos'd of *Doubts*.

5

Do, waſt thy inch, proud *ſpan* of living earth,
Conſume thy golden dayes
In ſlaviſh freedom; let thy wayes
Take beſt advantage of thy frolick mirth;
Thy ſtock of *Time* decayes,
And laviſh plenty ſtill foreruns a dearth:
The bird that 's flown may turn at laſt;
And painfull labour may repair a waſt;
But pains nor price can call thy minutes paſt.

SEN.

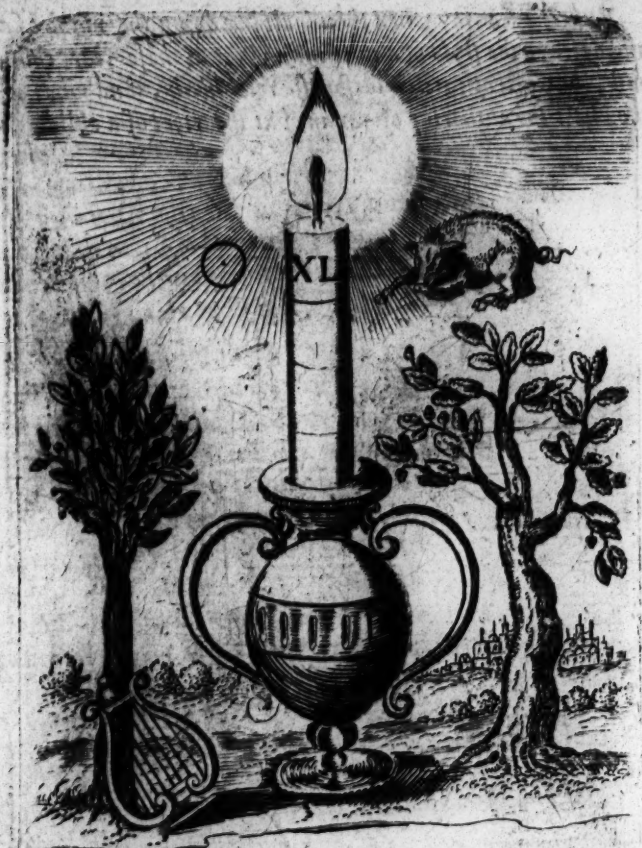
SEN.

Expect great joy when thou ſhalt lay down the mind of a child, and deſerve the ſtyle of a wiſe man; for at thoſe years childhood is paſt, but oftentimes childiſhneſſe remaineth, and what is worſe, thou haſt the authority of a man, but the vices of a child.

EPIG. II.

To the declining man.

Why ſtand'ſt thou diſcontented? Is not he
As equal diſtant from the top as thee?
What then may cauſe thy diſcontented frown?
He 's mounting up the hill; thou plodding down.



Vt Sol ardore virilj

Will. Marshall. sculpsit.

DEUTERONOMIE 33.25.

As thy dayes, so shall thy strength be.

The Post
Of swift-foot Time
Hath now at length begun
The Kalends of our middle stage:
The number'd steps that we have gone do show
The number of those steps we are to go:
The buds and blossomes of our age
Are blown, decay'd, and gone,
And all our prime
Is lost;
And what we boast too much, we have least cause to boast.

Ah me!
There is no rest;
Our Time is alwayes fleeing:
What rein can curb our headstrong hours;
They post away: They passe we know not how:
Our *Now* is gone, before we can say, *Now*
Time past and future's none of ours:
That hath as yet no being;
And this hath ceast
To be:
What is, is onely ours: How short a Time have we!

And now
Apollo's ear
Expects harmonious strains,
New minted from the *Thracian* lyre;
For now the virtue of the twiforkt *Hill*
Inspires the ravisht fancy, and doth fill
The veins with *Pegasean* fire:
And now those steril brains
That cannot show,
Nor bear
Some fruits, shall never wear *Apollo's* sacred *Bow*.

Excesse
And surfet uses
To wait upon these dayes:
Full feed, and flowing cups of wine
Conjure the fancy, forcing up a spright
By the base *Magick* of deboys'd delight;
Ah pitty twice-born *Bacchus Vine*
Should starve *Apollo's Bayes*,
And drown those *Muses*
That blesse
And calm the peaceful soul, when storms of cares oppresse.

Strong light,
Boast not those beams
That can but onely rise
And blaze a while, and then away:
There is no *Solstice* in thy day;
Thy midnight glory lies
Betwixt th' extremes
Of night,
A glory foyl'd with shame, and fool'd with false delight.

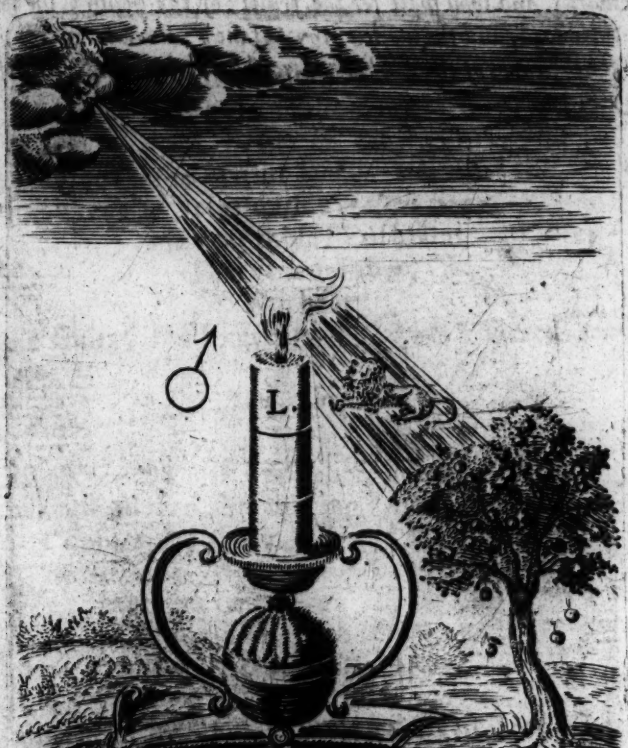
Hast

Haſt thou climbed up to the full age of thy few dayes? Look backwards, and thou ſhalt ſee the frailty of thy youth; the folly of thy childhood, and the waſte of thy Infancy: Look forwards, thou ſhalt ſee the cares of the world, the troubles of thy mind, the diſeaſes of thy body.

EPIG. 12.

To the middle-aged.

Thou that art prauncing on the luſty Noon
Of thy full age, boaſt not thy ſelf too ſoon:
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle ſtate;
Take heed; thou'lt brag too ſoon, or boaſt too late.



Et Martem spirat et arma.

Will. Marshall. sculpsit.

JOHN 3.30.

He muſt encreaſe, but I muſt decreaſe.

TIme voids the table, dinner's done;
And now our dayes declining Sun
Hath hurried his diurnal load
To th' borders of the weſtern rode;
Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow ſteeds,
Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
And froths and fumes, rememb'ring ſtill
Their laſhes up th' Olympick hill,
Which having conquer'd, now diſdain
The whip, and champ the frothy rein,
And, with a full carier, they bend
Their paces to their journeyes end:
Our blazing Tapour now hath loſt
Her better half, Nature hath croſt
Her forenoon book, and clear'd that ſcore,
But ſcarce gives truſt for ſo much more:
And now the generous ſap forſakes
Her ſeir-grown twig: A breath ev'n ſhakes
The down-ripe fruit; fruit ſoon divorc'd
From her dear branch, untouch'd, unforc'd.
Now ſanguin *Venus* doth begin
To draw her wanton colours in,
And flees neglected in diſgrace,
Whil'ſt *Mars* ſupplies her lukewarm place:
Blood turn to choler: what this age
Loſes in ſtrength it finds in rage:
That rich ehnamel, which of old,
Damaskt the downy cheek, and told

A harmleſſe guilt, unaskt, is new
Worn off from the audacious brow;
Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,
Looſe riot, and thoſe venial evils
Which inconſiderate youth of late
Could plead, now want an *Advocate*:
And what appear'd in former times
Whiſpring as *faults*, now rore as *crimes*:
And now all ye whoſe lips were wont
To drench their coral in the font
Of forkt *Parnaſſus*; you that be
The ſons of *Phœbus*, and can flee
On wings of fancy, to diſplay
The flagge of high invention, ſtay,
Repoſe your quills; your veins grow ſower,
Tempt not your *Salt* beyond her power:
If your pall'd fancies but decline,
Cenſure will ſtrike at every line
And wound your names, the popular ear
Weighs what you are, not what you were.
Thus hackney like, we tire our age,
Spurgall'd with change from ſtage to ſtage.

Seeſt thou the dayly light of the greater world? when attained to the higheſt pitch of Meridian glory, it ſtayeth not, but by the ſame degrees, it aſcended, it deſcendeth. And is the light of the leſſer world more permanent? Continuance is the child of Eternity, not of Time

EPIG. 13.

To the young man.

Young man, rejoyce; and let thy riſing dayes
Cheer thy glad heart: think'ſt thou theſe uphil wayes
Lead to deaths dungeon? no; but know withal,
A riſing is but Prologue to a fall.

Invidiosa Senectus.

Will. Marshall sculpsit.

JOHN 12.35.

Yet a little while is the light with you.

1

THe day grows old, the low-pitcht lamp hath made
No leſſe then treble ſhade,
And the deſcending damp doth now prepare
T' uncurl bright *Titans* hair;
Whoſe weſtern wardrobe now begins t' unfold
Her purples, fring'd with gold,
To cloath his evening glory, when th' alarms
Of reſt ſhall call to reſt in reſtleſſe *Thetis* arms.

2

Nature now calls to ſupper, to refreſh
The ſpirits of all fleſh;
The toyling plowman drives his thirſty teams,
To taſt the ſlipp'ry ſtreams:
The droyling ſwineheard knocks away, and feaſts
His hungry whining gueſts:
The boxbil Ouzle, and the dappled Thruſh
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved buſh.

3

And now the cold Autumnal dews are ſeen
To copweb every green;
And by the low-ſhorn Rowins doth appear
The faſt-declining year:
The ſapleſſe branches doff their ſummer ſuits
And wain their winter fruits;
And ſtormy blaſts have forc'd the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in ſuits of moſſy freez.

Our

4

Our wasted Tapour now hath brought her light
To the next door to night;
Her sprightlesse flame grown great with snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighb'ring Urn:
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains,
And in a silent language bids her guest
Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

5

Now carkful age hath pitcht her painful plough
Upon the furrow'd brow;
And snowy blasts of discontented care
Have blancht the falling hair:
Suspicious envy mixt with jealous spight
Disturb's his weary night:
He threatens youth with age; and now alas,
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

6

Gray-hairs, peruse thy dayes, and let thy past
Read lecturest o thy last:
Those hasty wings that hurri'd them away
Will give these dayes no day:
The constant wheels of Nature scorn to tire
Until her works expire:
That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee;
That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the tree.

S. CHRY.

S. CHRYS.

Gray hairs are honourable, when the behaviour ſuits with gray hairs: But when an ancient man hath childiſh manners, he becometh more ridiculous then a child.

SEN.

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeateſt thy youthfulneſſe.

EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

Seeſt thou this good old man? he repreſents
Thy *Future*; thou, his *Preterperfect* tenſe:
Thou goeſt to labour, he prepares to reſt:
Thou breakſt thy faſt, he ſups: Now which is beſt?

Plumbeus in terram.

Will. Marshall sculpsit.

PSALM 90. 10.

The dayes of our years are threescore years and ten.

1

SO have I seen th' illustrious *Prince* of Light
Rising in glory from his *Crocean* bed,
And trampling down the horrid shades of night,
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head,
Pause first, decline, at length begin to shroud
His fainting brows within a cole-black cloud.

2

So have I seen a well-built *Castle* stand
Upon the tiptoes of a lofty hill,
Whose active pow'r commands both sea and land,
And curbs the pride of the beleag'rers will:
At length her ag'd foundation fails her trust,
And layes her tott'ring ruins in the dust.

3

So have I seen the blazing *Vapour* shoot
Her golden head into the feeble air,
Whose shadow-gilding ray spread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkenesse fair;
Till at the length her wasting glory fades,
And leayes the night to her invet'rate shades.

4

Ev'n so this little world of living *Clay*,
The pride of *Nature*, glorified by *Art*,
Whom earth adores, and all her hosts obey,
Ally'd to Heav'n by his Diviner part,
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decayes,
And worn by age, death cancels all his dayes.

5

That glorious *Sun*, that whilom ſhone ſo bright,
Is now ev'n raviſht from our darkned eyes:
That ſturdy *caſtle*, mann'd with ſo much might,
Lies now a Monument of her own diſguiſe:
That blazing *Tapour*, that diſdain'd the puff
Of troubled Air, ſcarce owns the name of ſnuff.

6

Poor bedrid *Man*! where is that glory now,
Thy Youth ſo vaunted? where that *Majeſty*
Which ſat enthron'd upon thy manly brow?
Where, where that braving arm? that daring eye?
Thoſe buxom tunes? thoſe *Bacchanalian* tones?
Thoſe ſwelling veins? thoſe marrow-flaming bones?

7

Thy drooping *glory*'s blurr'd, and proſtrate lies
Grov'ling in duſt; and frightful horrour, now,
Sharpens the glaunces of thy gaſtful eyes,
Whilſt fear perplexes thy diſtracted brow:
Thy painting breaſt vents all her breath by groans,
And death enerves thy marrow-waſted bones.

8

Thus Man that 's born of woman can remain
But a ſhort time: his dayes are full of ſorrow;
His life 's a *penance* and his death 's a *pain*,
Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to morrow:
His breath 's a *bubble*, and his dayes a *ſpan*:
'T is glorious miſery to be born a *Man*.

CYPR.

CYPR.

When eyes are dim, ears deaf, visage pale, teeth decayed, skin withered, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands fumbling, feet failing, the sudden downfal of thy fleshly house is near at hand,

S. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by age: covetousnesse alone groweth young.

EPIG. 15.

To the Infant.

What he doth spend in groans, thou spendst in tears:
Judgment and strength 's alike in both your years;
He 's helplesse; so art thou; what difference then?
He 's an old *Infant*; thou, a young *old Man*.

FINIS.

Collated
X, a blank cut away.
a few fore-edges shaved
Portrait mounted; otherwise
perfect

B.M. 1954